

TEOTWAWKI, Too! – Part I – Chapter 16 – Downtime

Did I forget to mention that the FIM-92A Stinger has IFF software? It wouldn't work on AF-1 unless they could figure out how to disable the IFF feature. Stinger also is designed for the threat beyond the 1990s, with an all-aspect engagement capability, and IFF (Identification-Friend-or-Foe), improved range and maneuverability, and significant countermeasures immunity. The missile, packaged within its disposable launch tube, is delivered as a certified round, requiring no field testing or direct support maintenance. A separable, reusable gripstock is attached to the round prior to use and may be used again.

The SA-7 GRAIL (Strela-2) man-portable, shoulder-fired, low-altitude SAM system is similar to the US Army REDEYE, with a high explosive warhead and passive infrared homing guidance. The SA-7 was the first generation of Soviet man portable surface-to-air missiles. Although classed as "fire and forget" types, the missiles were easily overcome by solar heat and, when used in hilly terrain, by heat from the ground. The SA-7 seeker is fitted with a filter to reduce the effectiveness of decoying flares and to block IR emissions. The system consists of the missile (9K32 & 9K32M), a reloadable gripstock (9P54 & 9P54M), and a thermal battery (9B17). An identification friend or foe (IFF) system can be fitted to the operator's helmet. Further, a supplementary early warning system consisting of a passive RF antenna and headphones can be used to provide early cue about the approach and rough direction of an enemy aircraft. Although the SA-7 is limited in range, speed, and altitude, it forces enemy pilots to fly above minimum radar limitations, which results in detection and vulnerability to regimental and divisional air defense systems.

The SA-14 GREMLIN (Strela-3 9K34) man-portable SAM is the successor to the SA-7/SA-7b (Strela-2 9K32 and Strela-2M 9K32M). The system consists of the 9P59 gripstock, 9P51 thermal battery/gas reservoir, and 9M36-1 missile. The external appearance of the SA-14 is very similar to the SA-7, and the gripstock, launch canister and aft missile body are almost identical. The most significant differences are the new seeker system and the substitution of a ball-shaped 9P51 thermal battery and gas reservoir for the SA-7's canister shaped battery.

The SA-18 GROUSE (Igla 9K38) is an improved variant in the SA-7 & SA-14 series of man portable SAMs. As with the earlier SA-14, the SA-18 uses a similar thermal battery/gas bottle, and the SA-18 has the same 2-kilogram high explosive warhead fitted with a contact and grazing fuse. But the missile is of entirely new design with substantially improved range and speed. The new seeker and aerodynamic improvements extend its effective range, and its higher speed enables it to be used against faster targets. The SA-18 has a maximum range of 5200 meters and a maximum altitude of 3500 meters. The 9M39 missile SA-18 employs an IR guidance system using proportional convergence logic. The new seeker offers better protection against electro-optical jammers; the probability of kill against an unprotected fighter is estimated at 30-48%, and the use of IRCM jammers only degrades this to 24-30%. a similar thermal battery/gas bottle, and the SA-18 has the same 2-kilogram high explosive warhead fitted with a con-

tact and grazing fuse. But the missile is of entirely new design with substantially improved range and speed. The new seeker and aerodynamic improvements extend its effective range, and its higher speed enables it to be used against faster targets.

Were it not for the basic difference in political philosophies the US and Russia could probably be friends. It would beat the hell out of being friends with the Chinese, wouldn't it? The United States and Russia have similar weapons. Compare a Su-27 to an F-15. During Vietnam, those second rate SA-2 Russian Surface to Air Missiles brought down a lot of American planes. During the Russian excursion into Afghanistan during the 1980's the FIM-92A Stingers brought down a lot of Russian Aircraft, mostly choppers. We never perfected the B-70 bomber, but the Russians did, the T-4/S100. They don't fly them anymore, but that's not the point. From Global Security: The Russian Air Force is planning a limited upgrade for the Tu-160 fleet. I didn't know that, I wonder where they got the idea? Global Security also claims that Russia only has 14 Tu-160 bombers. That was then, this is now; with a new set of blueprints and better engines, maybe they'd increase their fleet to 92 and make them multi-role nuclear/conventional bombers. China had bought 40 of their older Backfire C's, which weren't half bad bombers. They'd have to build these planes themselves. The Tu-160 had been built in the Ukraine.

Why did the US call the Nighthawk a fighter when it was clearly a bomber? One reason was to conceal the fact that it was a bomber, according to the Military Channel. It should probably be called an attack fighter. I forget the other reason; I'll have to watch the show again. The F-117A had no weapons, except for its load of bombs. We have 54 with 36 in the Primary Mission Aircraft Inventory. We also have 20 B-2 Spirits, so we do have an edge on our Russian friends. We originally had 21, but stuff happens.

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SINGAPORE (AP) – China's military buildup, particularly its positioning of hundreds of missiles facing Taiwan, is a threat to Asian security, US Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld said Saturday.

Central to the disagreement is Taiwan, a self-governing island Beijing regards as a renegade territory. China has said it will attack Taiwan if the island tries to declare independence, and it repeatedly calls on the United States to stop selling weapons to Taiwan.

Similar US criticism of North Korea has sparked an angry response from Pyongyang. The state-run Korean Central News Agency this week called Vice President Dick Cheney a "bloodthirsty beast" for saying that North Korean leader Kim Jong-il was irresponsible. US President George W. Bush and other administration officials say the US has no intention of attacking North Korea. Tensions between the two nations have been rising in recent months.

"Surprise, surprise, surprise!"

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Now maybe I understand Arkady and Vasily wanting to get out of Russia. If there ever were another world war, I'd prefer to be in the US too. All it would take to trigger WW III was a statement from the Island of Formosa, declaring the Independence of Taiwan. China would attack Taiwan and the US would live up to its Treaty. Maybe Vladimir was being nice to the US because he figured that when China let its ICBM's fly, they'd fly in all directions. I wonder which of the two super powers had agreed to take out North Korea. During the Soviet era, Vladivostok's military role eclipsed its trading function. It has maintained its naval importance as the headquarters of the Russian Pacific Fleet. Homeport of the Russian Pacific Fleet, Vladivostok has a complement of at least 65 major surface combat ships, 50 nuclear and 25 non-nuclear submarines. It is a SLBM/SSBN Port, ask Arkady.

The third winter wasn't any worse than the second; maybe things were improving, slightly. Those terrorists started a janitorial service as a cover. Money wasn't a problem and they acquired all new equipment. It should have made them stand out like a sore thumb, but it didn't. People probably figured all the new equipment had been purchased with drug money. Unlike your typical Mexican illegal, these Mexicans all spoke excellent English, with a British accent no less. They were a very unusual group of men.

Russian women were frequently very beautiful. They tended to put on a little weight in their older years. Anyone looked around the US lately? Except for the language and political philosophy, the Russians weren't that different from the people in the United States. Was Vladimir Putin really all that much different from George W. Bush? On the domestic front, both countries were faced with similar problems. Putin used his military to put down rebellion. Bush used his military to put Middle Eastern terrorists in their place. Both countries had taken on Afghanistan. Both countries had pilots in Vietnam, just on opposing sides. Would you rather have the Russians on your side or shooting at you? I'm not so sure that even the French liked the French. Typically, France blamed the United States for the state of the weather.

What the world needed was a super power club. Hmm, maybe we already had one and it didn't include Beijing. The US was also getting an edge on their Russian buddies with the F-22 Raptor. The F-35 Joint Strike Fighter was slow in coming and costs were rising, but what was new about that? The Military Industrial Complex always underestimated the cost of new weapons systems. There was a program on the Military Channel titled *Future Guns* where they demonstrated the M307 and the M29. If you missed it, don't worry about it; they repeat their schedule over and over. They have more airtime than they have material to show. The program even included the new chemical powered airborne laser system the Air Force is building in 747's and the rail guns they intend to use to replace the 120mm guns in the Abrams. Buck Rogers in the 21st, not 25th, Century. I wasn't impressed with the M29. Can you spell 'Piece of Crap'?

If the US did manage to perfect any of those systems, Arkady would just claim that they were invented in Russia. You did notice, I presume, that the only Russian built firearms

Arkady and Vasily had were AK-47's and the Kalashnikov based Saiga 12K shotguns? Their MBR's and handguns were German. And, they didn't have the AK-74's. The Russians intended to replace the AK-74's with AN-94, again in the venerable 7.62x39mm cartridge. Economics and ergonomics interfered. Even they didn't like the 22's. If the US and Russia reinvented the wheel any more, it would be square and made out of plastic and only fire bullets containing computer chips. I can't imagine why they even bothered with a bayonet for the M16 rifle. If the enemy got that close, you could kiss them to death.

After the Garand rifle replaced the M1903, the typical soldier had a belt containing 10 8-round enbloc clips. 80-rounds and, if he was lucky, maybe one or two extra 6-pocket bandoleers; in those days, a soldier made his shots count. It was called marksmanship as opposed to spray and pray.

Regarding the false stories of John McCain's conduct in the Hanoi Hilton: Again, there are false stories floating around the net about McCain. He was never missing from our group for six months. He never co-operated with the enemy. We have dozens of us who lived with and around John for his entire time (10-26-67 to 3-14-73). Larry Carrigan, for one, lived with or near both John and Ted Guy. Larry says Ted would never make the statements, which are being attributed to him ...and Ted can't set the record straight because he is dead.

We have dozens of roommates who will vouch for the loyalty and courage and conduct of John McCain. Here is a more accurate story: John had both arms and at least one leg badly hurt on ejection. He was bayoneted near the groin by a soldier as they were pulling him from the lake. After three days of interrogations and no cooperation, he was near death. They found out his father was Admiral McCain. They stopped the interrogations, gave him medical care, brought in a French reporter (with camera), and let him make a statement to his family that he was alive and would recover and come home. After lying off the rough stuff, and trying to get John to cooperate by the "good guy" treatment for a couple of weeks, they got po'd that he would not give information or cooperate. So, they threw him in a cell with Bud Day (MOH recipient) and Major Norris Overly. McCain was in danger of dying from maltreatment. Major Overly had to nurse both men back to health. From that point on, McCain resisted just as hard as any other POW. He went through the same interrogations and treatment.

His roommates can testify to his valor and patriotism. In short, I think that the slanderous reports by faceless people (and some are attributed to Ted Guy... which I doubt are true) are from the bunch who are really po'd that McCain made a political decision to back Clinton when Clinton decided it was time for "normalization" of diplomatic and trade relations, and it was time to have Ambassadorial level representation. To many, that made John a traitor. To most, it was just a political reality. It opened the door to better cooperation for a host of areas, including a full accounting of the POW/MIA issue (which is still an ongoing issue today. We have 2,060 yet to account for). If you want to get the straight story on McCain's conduct, please contact his roommates. Be sure to

vote for John Kerry or Hillary Clinton in 2008! Maybe Hanoi Jane will be Hillary's running partner.

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I called this chapter 'Downtime' because even in a world gone mad, you don't have people setting off terrorist bombs every day. Consider how much planning went into the attacks on the WTC and the Pentagon. Consider how much planning must have gone into setting off Russian nukes in Yellowstone and Long Valley caldera. It was early 2008 and George W. Bush was finally really a Lame Duck President. As I said this winter wasn't any worse than the previous, maybe Bruce would get a chance to see if all of those gasses from the eruptions really would cause a heating effect and melt the ice caps causing an abrupt climate change.

As I consider this yarn, and the probability of something like this really happening, it occurs to me that the probability of any single portion of the yarn being true are high. Much is based on facts that the average person can verify on the Internet. Some of those Russian missiles also have IFF, but it's for Russian planes, not American planes.

Helen Burger Miller died in 1966; the children, who have no personal recollection of their father, have pursued lives outside of music. Helen Dorothy Burger, m. Oct. 6, 1928; d. Jun. 2, 1966. On March 1, 1989 – what would have been Miller's 75th birthday – his daughter Jonnie Dee Miller bought the house in Clarinda where Miller was born. The Glenn Miller Foundation was subsequently founded to oversee the restoration process. Initially, nobody knew exactly how to go about it as very little was known about the house as it existed in 1902; however, thanks to the publicity the foundation attracted, one Bob Watson of Salem, Oregon came forward and offered help. His parents had bought the house from the Millers when they moved in 1907, and thus Watson not only knew a great deal about the house, but also had also several photographs of it. Major restoration of the house began in March 1991, whereby newer additions to the home were removed and the original layout was restored. In April 1992, at his daughter's request, a stone was placed in Arlington National Cemetery.

How, where and when did Major Alton Glenn Miller die? Who cares, it was in 1944. Whether his plane crashed in the English Channel, on the coast of France or he was found dead in Paris doesn't really make much difference, does it? Cover-ups were invented in 6,000 BCE, about the same time as conspiracies. Et tu, Brute? "Yes, Julius, I had pizza. Hold still, this is going to hurt me more than you." But, you didn't look to see, I'll bet, about Glenn Miller's family. Trivial exercise, included to make a point. Almost everything you ever wanted to know is on the Internet, if you know how to look. If you did try, what did you search on, 'Glenn Miller', 'Glenn Miller's Orchestra' or something similar? The correct search term was 'Glenn Miller's family', and patience to check out several links and to follow them to where they led. To use the Internet, search your memory for trivia about the subject that you want to know more about. If you're an author who knows nothing about guns, check it out. It's better than Global Security and FAS for individual weapons.

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Where was all the glory? There isn't anything glorious about war. It is dirty, terrifying and changes you forever. There is nothing glorious about being a spy, either. Maybe a little less dirt, offset by more terror, but it changes you. There was nothing glorious about surviving terrorists' attacks. What you saw after a terrorist attack were frightened people who overcame their fear to help their fellow man. It gave you a good feeling to help someone. Whether it was pulling him or her from the wreckage of a building or helping them to get away from volcanic ash, you would never be the same, having seen what you had seen. Maybe it made you angry or made you hate the people responsible, but you were never the same. Sometimes the terrorists were dead too. And sometimes they parked the truck and walked away from the WTC or the Murrah federal building in Oklahoma City. What is Terry Nichols still doing alive?

There are 168 reasons why he shouldn't be; what's the matter didn't the glove fit? Is there a difference between one terrorist and another? Nichols was convicted of 161 first-degree murder counts, but the jury could not agree on a sentence. A judge gave Nichols 161 life prison terms for his role in the April 19, 1995 bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building that killed 168 people.

OKLAHOMA CITY, Oklahoma (AP) – Oklahoma taxpayers spent almost \$4.2 million to provide a defense for bombing conspirator Terry Nichols, paying for such things as books, seminars, lawn care, coffee sweetener and an alarm system. Expenses filed by court-appointed defense attorney Brian Hermanson included \$28.05 so Nichols could read the book, "The American Terrorist," an account of the life of Oklahoma City bombing mastermind Timothy McVeigh.

A \$300 claim was filed for lawn care costs for one of the defense attorneys, whose \$750-a-month rental house in McAlester was paid for by taxpayers during Nichols' trial before a Pittsburg County judge. Court officials questioned the lawn care expenses and Hermanson's \$59.95-a-month cable bill in McAlester, but approved the expenses anyway. Coffee sweetener that cost \$3.99 was among the other claims filed. The fund was tapped for \$11.46 to pay for hemorrhoid medicine for an ailing juror and \$427,392.24 for security provided by Pittsburg County officials. Excuse me, but Jesus H. Christ!

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On the road between Kuwait City and Basra, the coalition forces decimated the fleeing Iraqis. Which brings up the same question that pertains to bombing Hiroshima and Nagasaki, who invaded whom? How many chances did the UN and the coalition give Saddam to leave Kuwait? We stopped and didn't go to Baghdad. Our mission was to liberate Kuwait, not to defeat Saddam Hussein. Now we're paying for that decision, but if we hadn't waited, would we have been doing Operation Iraqi Freedom in 1991 through 1996? The Gulf War in 1991 was all about oil, you know, Saddam Hussein stealing Kuwaiti oil. Or was it the other way around?

During the Iran-Iraq War of the 1980s, Kuwait was allied with Iraq, largely due to desiring Iraqi protection from Islamic Iran. After the war, Iraq was extremely indebted to several Arab countries, including a \$14 billion debt to Kuwait. Iraq hoped to repay its debts by raising the price of oil through OPEC oil production cuts, but instead, Kuwait increased production, lowering prices, in an attempt to leverage a better resolution of their border dispute. In addition, greatly antagonizing Iraq, Kuwait had taken advantage of the Iran-Iraq War and had begun illegal slant drilling for oil into Iraqi reserves, and had built military outposts on Iraqi soil near Kuwait. Furthermore, Iraq charged that it had performed a collective service for all Arabs by acting as a buffer against Iran and that therefore Kuwait and Saudi Arabia should negotiate or cancel Iraq's war debts. Hussein's primary two-fold justification blended the assertion of Kuwaiti territory being an Iraqi province arbitrarily cut off by imperialism, and the use of annexation as retaliation for "economic warfare" Kuwait had waged through slant drilling into Iraq's oil supplies while under Iraqi protection.

Prior to World War I, under the Anglo-Ottoman Convention of 1913, Kuwait was considered to be an autonomous Caza within Ottoman Iraq. Following the war, Kuwait fell under British rule and later became an independent emirate. However, Iraqi officials did not accept the legitimacy of Kuwaiti independence or the authority of the Kuwaiti Emir. Iraq never acknowledged Kuwait's right to be an independent nation and in the 1960s, the United Kingdom deployed troops to Kuwait to deter an Iraqi annexation. The war with Iran had also seen the destruction of almost all of Iraq's port facilities on the Persian Gulf cutting off Iraq's main trade outlet. Many in Iraq, expecting a resumption of war with Iran in the future, felt that Iraq security could only be guaranteed by controlling more of the Gulf Coast, including more secure ports. Kuwait thus made a tempting target.

At the break of dawn on August 2, 1990, Iraqi troops crossed the Kuwaiti border with armor and infantry, occupying strategic posts throughout the country, including the Emir's palace. The Kuwaiti Army was quickly overwhelmed, though they bought enough time for the Kuwaiti Air Force to flee to Saudi Arabia. Troops looted medical and food supplies, detained thousands of civilians and took over the media. Iraq detained thousands of Western visitors as hostages and later attempted to use them as bargaining chips. Hussein then installed a new Iraqi provincial governor, described as "liberation" from the Kuwaiti Emir; this was largely dismissed as war propaganda.

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The United States and the remainder of the world got through the winter of 2007-2008 in admirable condition, considering. NOAA said that the worst was over and it and the USGS raised concerns about the amount of volcanic gas in the air, it's always something. Magma contains dissolved gases that are released into the atmosphere during eruptions. Gases are also released from magma that either remains below ground (for example, as an intrusion) or is rising toward the surface. In such cases, gases may es-

cape continuously into the atmosphere from the soil, volcanic vents, fumaroles, and hydrothermal systems.

At high pressures deep beneath the earth's surface, volcanic gases are dissolved in molten rock. But as magma rises toward the surface where the pressure is lower, gases held in the melt begin to form tiny bubbles. The increasing volume taken up by gas bubbles makes the magma less dense than the surrounding rock, which may allow the magma to continue its upward journey. Closer to the surface, the bubbles increase in number and size so that the gas volume may exceed the melt volume in the magma, creating a magma foam. The rapidly expanding gas bubbles of the foam can lead to explosive eruptions in which the melt is fragmented into pieces of volcanic rock, known as tephra. If the molten rock is not fragmented by explosive activity, a lava flow will be generated.

Together with the tephra and entrained air, volcanic gases can rise tens of kilometers into Earth's atmosphere during large explosive eruptions. Once airborne, the prevailing winds may blow the eruption cloud hundreds to thousands of kilometers from a volcano. The gases spread from an erupting vent primarily as acid aerosols (tiny acid droplets), compounds attached to tephra particles, and microscopic salt particles. Did I see the word acid? That was part of the problem that would lead to an abrupt climate change wasn't it? Acid in the air from burning dirty coal, right? The sulfur in the coal smoke mixed with water in the air and became acid rain.

Dr. Driscoll (Syracuse) said that the group's research also suggested that the interplay between acid rain and global warming, though caused by different types of industrial gas pollutants, is also more complicated than had previously been believed. In particular, he said, many widely reported tree deaths in parts of the Adirondacks and New England in recent years were attributed mainly to shifts in the regional climate. The research suggests, however, that the trees were weakened first by acidified soils that made them less able to withstand climate changes. Dr. Driscoll thus disputed the claims by others that acid rain reduced the global warming because of the sulfur in the air.

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Bruce started working on the second section of his book, which chronicled the winters caused by the caldera eruptions. He also started to gather information from the Internet on what the USGS and NOAA were suggesting. Both Bruce and Jack had decided that 2 kids apiece were enough and had discretely visited a doctor. They tell you before that it's a painless procedure... Right, maybe in train stations in India. The pain didn't kill them but for a few days they'd wished they'd died.

"Son of a bitch."

"Yeah, you got that right. This wasn't one of our better ideas. At least the Times will let you work from home; I have to take time off. What's new at the Agency did you or the FBI ever find those terrorists?"

“They dropped off the face of the earth.”

“Everyone has to be somewhere, Jack. For all we know, they’re living right down the road, pretending to be Méxicans. Have you talked to Arkady and Vasily lately?”

“Every time I call I get an answering machine. Did they say anything to you about Tanya and Sasha liking to fish?”

“No, but they did say that the Lake of the Ozarks was good fishing.”

“How’s about you and I go see them when we can walk again?”

“That could be a month or two.”

“Whenever buddy,” Jack acknowledged.

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It was only a week before they could take off for Missouri. Cindy and Mona wanted to come along. They loaded their equipment in the back of the pickup and took off, little suspecting that they might end up needing it before they could get back home. They didn’t drive straight through like the last time and the trip took 3 days. When they arrived, they followed the other two couples into their driveways.

“Been to town?”

“Been to Oregon, Jack. We found the mine that we believe the terrorists intended to use to cause a volcanic eruption,” Arkady explained.

“Where was it?”

“In the Siskiyou Mountains.”

“Any particular mountain in the Siskiyou Mountains?”

“If you’re asking if it has a name, I’m sure it does. We didn’t get it but it doesn’t matter anyway.”

“Why doesn’t it matter?”

“It collapsed recently, closing the mine.”

“Natural collapse?”

“After we detonated some Semtex, yes.”

“You shouldn’t be going around the country blowing up mines, Arkady.”

“Why not, we don’t work for the Agency. Our Charter is to DO things in the United States. Can I help it if it was something good instead of something bad?”

“Still...”

“Did you find the terrorists yet?” Vasily asked.

“Bruce seemed to think they were living right down the road posing as Méxicans.”

“Are they?”

“How would I know something like that?”

“You’re a spy, did you check it out?”

“Why should I?”

“Because maybe the terrorists are living down the road posing as Méxicans. It would be a perfect location. They could even go to Andrews and shoot down the President’s plane,” Arkady explained.

“Bite your lip, Arkady.”

“Why? Because you won’t go look and see if the terrorists are in the last place anyone would ever think to look, like Washington?”

“It would be the last place anyone would think to look, wouldn’t it? Ok, I’ll look.”

“Just be careful, I don’t want to have to break in another CIA field agent.”

TEOTWAWKI, Too! – Part I – Chapter 17 – Dumb Luck

...is better than having no luck at all. They spent a few days visiting and then headed back. They couldn't go fishing because it was still too cold. The conversation about the terrorists hiding out in DC continued off and on and Jack and Bruce decided to have a look around when they got home. Metropolitan Washington DC had a 1990 population of 3,923,574. By 2000, it had reached 4,796,183. Terrorists love Washington, DC.

The Washington area was the target of at least one of the four hijacked planes in the September 11, 2001 attacks. One plane struck the Pentagon in Arlington County, killing 125 people in addition to the 64 aboard the plane, while another that was downed in a field in Pennsylvania is believed by many to have been intended to hit either the White House or the US Capitol.

Shortly thereafter, Washington endured an anthrax attack, when what may have been a domestic terrorist sent anthrax-contaminated mail to numerous members of Congress. Thirty-one staff members were infected, and two US Postal Service employees at a contaminated mail sorting facility at Brentwood later died.

During three weeks of October 2002, John Allen Muhammad and Lee Boyd Malvo killed ten people and wounded three others in the region in what became known as the Beltway Sniper attacks. In March 2004, Muhammad was sentenced to death and Malvo to life imprisonment for the attacks by a Virginia court.

In November 2003, the toxin ricin was found in the mailroom of the White House, and in February 2004, in the mailroom of US Senate Majority Leader Bill Frist. As with the earlier anthrax attacks, no arrests have been made.

Partly in response to these events from the past few years, the Washington area has taken many steps to increase security. Screening devices for biological agents, metal detectors, and vehicle barriers are now much more commonplace at office buildings as well as government buildings, and in transportation facilities. At one time, The District was the murder capital of the country. The crime has since moved east into Maryland.

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If Terrorists love Washington, DC, what must it be like for spies? How many foreign embassies are there in Washington? About 200; not every country in the world is represented. How many of those embassies have an intelligence function, e.g., spies? It would probably be easier to tell which ones don't, as in none. They may not be spying on the United States, but intelligence is intelligence. A simple definition of intelligence is information. The list of countries with spies in the United States includes our friends and allies. It's ok because we do it to them, too. The International Spy Museum, a private company, is in Washington.

Most Americans remember exactly where and when they learned about terrorist attacks in America on September 11th, 2001 and regard these events as a turning point that forever changed their sense of security in the United States. Were Americans safe from attack prior to this date? No. History reveals over 125 major incidents of subterfuge, terror, or violence on American soil by enemies within its borders, many with deadly consequences and grave impact. Each time, Americans responded with renewed patriotism, determination, and a quandary: how can the country be made more secure without compromising the civil liberties upon which it was founded? George W. Bush's answer to the question was: The USA Patriot Act. Was The USA Patriot Act the new reality of the 21st Century? It has sunset provisions; the February 28, 2011 sunset was extended to May 28, 2011. The only law in recent memory that sunset was the widely popular Assault Weapons Ban that went just a little too far, at the time. Just wait until the Democrats have the White House and Congress again. Patriot Act II was only proposed, never adopted despite what this story says.

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MODANE, France – An Alpine tunnel linking France and Italy will remain closed indefinitely as a criminal probe begins into a truck fire that killed two people, French officials said Sunday. The fire was on the Italian side of the tunnel, Soupra said. A spokesman for the Italian Interior Ministry said the fire resulted from a collision between two trucks. Most of the truck traffic – about 3,800 trucks per day on average – was likely to be rerouted through the Mont Blanc tunnel, requiring a 200-km (124 mile) detour. French transport officials were unable to estimate when the fire damage could be repaired to allow the tunnel to reopen.

With the French conducting the investigation, I suspect the tunnel will be closed for years. Since when does an accident require a criminal investigation? Since the French voted down the European Union.

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SINGAPORE (AP) – The United States plans to decide its next move on North Korea in the next several weeks, which could include referring the matter of Pyongyang's nuclear weapons program to the United Nations, a senior defense official said Sunday. North Korea has said it would interpret UN penalties as an act of war. But it is not clear whether North Korea actually would consider military action or whether the statement was just more of the country's harsh rhetoric.

Nuke 'em and blame the Chinese.

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HOUSTON, Texas (AP) – NASA's new administrator and House Majority Leader Tom DeLay, R-Texas, vowed the space agency will have the necessary funding to implement President Bush's vision to send astronauts back to the moon and to Mars.

Permit me to explain why there is such urgency:

LONDON, England (Reuters) – The devastating impact of mankind on the planet is dramatically illustrated in pictures published on Saturday showing explosive urban sprawl, major deforestation and the sucking dry of inland seas over less than three decades.

México City mushrooms from a modest urban center in 1973 to a massive blot on the landscape in 2000, while Beijing shows a similar surge between 1978 and 2000 in satellite pictures published by the United Nations in a new environmental atlas. Delhi sprawls explosively between 1977 and 1999, while from 1973 to 2000 the tiny desert town of Las Vegas turns into a monster conurbation of one million people – placing massive strain on scarce water supplies. Page after page of the 300-page book illustrate in before-and-after pictures from space the disfigurement of the face of the planet wrought by human activities. “Cities pull in huge amounts of resources including water, food, timber, metals and people. They export large amounts of wastes including household and industrial wastes, wastewater and the gases linked with global warming.”

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Do you Google?

WASHINGTON (Reuters) – When Google Inc.’s 19 million daily users look up a long-lost classmate, send e-mail or bounce around the Web more quickly with its new Web Accelerator, records of that activity don’t go away. Some privacy experts who otherwise give Google high marks say the company’s records could become a handy data bank for government investigators who rely on business records to circumvent Watergate-era laws that limit their own ability to track US residents. Google complies with law-enforcement investigations, Wong said. She declined to comment on the frequency or scope of those requests.

I do a lot of searching on the net, but I don’t use Google. That probably explains why my FBI file is only a couple of inches thick. Fleataxi uses Google, but that’s ok, he fertilizes a chicken egg AFTER it’s laid, like roe. It’s an easy fix, just save 1 in 20 of the fertilized eggs. My friend SAW a picture of a farm, once. The guy in charge of Google’s security is nicknamed Big Brother.

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In other news:

WASHINGTON (Reuters) – Despite highly publicized charges of US mistreatment of prisoners at Guantanamo, the head of the Amnesty International USA said on Sunday the group doesn’t “know for sure” that the military is running a “gulag.” He also said he had “absolutely no idea” whether the International Red Cross had been given access to

all prisoners and said the group feared others were being held at secret facilities or locations.

BEIJING (Reuters) – China took a tough line on Saturday in trade talks with US officials on its surging textile exports, signaling no quick breakthrough in a row that threatens to spill over into the diplomatic arena.

SINGAPORE (Reuters) – Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld accused China on Saturday of enhancing its ability to project power at a time when it faced no threat and said Beijing will have to expand political freedoms to maintain economic growth and influence.

The more Europe changes, the more divided it remains. By now the French have gone through a revolution that ended in a dictatorship, five republics, three monarchies, a couple of empires, an occupation or two, a fascist puppet state, assorted reigns of terror and numerous constitutional revisions and rejections. Remember Dominique de Villepin, the diplomat with all the airs of the self-published “poet” he is? He’s to be the next French premier, capping his inconsequential careers at both the Foreign and Interior Ministries. How perfectly French. The man is the very image of refined futility. Nothing seems to succeed in France like ... nothing. Europe remains as it has been: divided. Anti-Americanism and anti-Semitism can hold a Continent together only so long. But even if Europeans do eventually adopt some kind of free-trade agreement gussied up as a constitution, complete with an anthem and a foreign minister in name, they will still remain respectively French, Dutch, German, Italian, British, et European al. Divided they stand, or rather slouch. (Washington Times)

...and enacted a strict law (dubbed “the Hamburger Act”) that prohibits overweight and obese people from suing fast-food restaurants for their weight problems. (Texas Legislature)

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From The Washington Post:

For a decade, FBI agents covertly monitored every telephone call and fax sent and received by Florida university professor Sami al-Arian as he communicated with alleged top leaders of the Palestinian Islamic Jihad terrorist group about its suicide bombings of Israelis, shaky finances and high-level turf struggles.

Starting tomorrow, many of those 20,000 hours of phone calls and hundreds of faxes will be revealed in a federal courtroom in Tampa, where al-Arian and three other alleged members of the terrorist group will be tried on charges of conspiracy to commit murder through suicide attacks in Israel and the Palestinian territories.

The trial, expected to last at least six months, will provide a rare view of what the government contends are the clandestine operations of a terrorist group. It is the first case

in which vast amounts of communications monitored under the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA) will make up the bulk of the evidence in a criminal prosecution of alleged terrorists – demonstrating the enormous power the government now wields under that counterterrorism law.

The wiretaps, approved in 1993 through 2003 on as many as 10 phones by a secret FISA court, were originally intended for use only by FBI agents conducting open-ended “intelligence” probes, and not for use in criminal trials. But after the Sept. 11, 2001, attacks, the enactment of the USA Patriot Act and a ruling by the super-secret FISA court of appeals allowed much greater use of intelligence material in investigations such as this one.

To quote Alfred E. Newman: “What, Me worry?” They’re doing it to protect us. The question is, ‘from whom’? We don’t need a natural disaster or an act of terrorism; we have our own government to worry about, just like the Russians. Say, you can’t see my red neck from the front row bleachers, can you?

Update: Mistrial. In 2006, he pled guilty to one count and was sentenced to 57 months, reduced by time served. He later refused to appear before federal grand juries, twice, and was charged with criminal contempt. He lives with his daughter in northern Virginia, under house arrest. Motion before the court to dismiss the criminal contempt charges.

◦

Did you read the 5-page article in the Washington Post by Bob Woodward? He explains how he got to know *Deep Throat*. I thought it was pretty self-serving but why would it need to be? Woodward is a millionaire while Bernstein isn’t rich and Felt is dead. Who made the most money out of the Watergate scandal? I’ll give you one guess; Robert Redford played him in the movie, ‘All the President’s Men (1976)’. Why all the secrecy who over *Deep Throat* was? Because Felt was breaking the law when he gave the information to Woodward and Bernstein. I knew who it was all the time – Hal Holbrook.

◦

The CIA hadn’t always posed as USSS. During the 1950’s their usual covert pose, within the United States, was as military officers. It worked very well and they went around trying to deal with UFO stories. They weren’t part of Project Bluebook, but were in cahoots with the Air Force. Eventually, they switched to using USSS ID. It gave the Agency a better cover in that they could always claim it was a counterfeiting investigation. It wasn’t until Putin became President of the Russian Federation that relations between the US and Russia had gotten so good. Reagan had gotten along with Gorbys, but that was nothing like what George and Vladimir had, two peas out of the same pod.

◦

“When we get back to Vienna, the first thing I have to do is find someone to clean the house, we lost our cleaning lady,” Jack commented.

“I heard about a new company up in Reston,” Bruce suggested. “It’s run by some Méxicans, probably illegals because they have really low rates. They do houses, too.”

“Let’s stop by on the way back,” Cindy followed, “The house was pretty dirty.”

“You were planning on taking I-70 anyway, Jack; it wouldn’t be much out of your way. Let’s stay in St. Louis tonight.”

“I was planning on staying in Columbus, Ohio.”

“Making the drive in 2 days instead of 3?”

“Yes. Taking 3 days to go less than 1,000-miles doesn’t make much sense to me and we’ll save a night’s lodging.”

“Like I was telling you, Jack, that company in Reston has lower rates than anyone else. I heard about them at the paper.”

“I’ve already figured we’d just stop and see them on the way into town. Is that ok with you, Cindy?”

“I told you, don’t you remember?”

“I knew I’d heard it somewhere dear.”

They stayed at a Holiday Inn. The original Holiday Inn was located in Pennsylvania along I-80 and was not affiliated with the chain that was formed in 1952 in Memphis, Tennessee. The chain got its name from the Bing Crosby Movie of the same name, as a joke. The Pennsylvania motel of the same name has a big sign disclaiming a relationship with the chain. Maybe it got its name from the movie, too.

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“I’m glad you were still open,” Jack said entering the Reston office of the cleaning service.

“Can I help you mate?” the Méxican asked.

Jack looked up and took a closer look at the guy; Méxicans shouldn’t have English accents or be using English slang. Recognition was almost instantaneous, but he tried to keep it from his face.

“My wife and I are looking for a replacement housekeeper. You folks do homes, right?”

“Yes sir, where is your home located?”

“Vienna.”

“Where is that near?”

“It’s on 123 a little way up from Oakton.”

“What’s the address?”

Jack gave the guy a slip of paper with the address that Cindy had written out.

“Once a week, or more often? It’s the same rate either way, \$75 a trip.”

“I’ll have to go ask my wife,” Jack replied. “She didn’t say and I’m not sure. I’ll be back in a minute.”

Jack walked out to the pickup.

“Guess who I just ran in to? Those terrorists that are on the FBI’s Most Wanted Terrorist List; you know, the guys from Detroit. Have you ever seen a Méxican with an English accent?”

“Really?” Bruce said. “Mona call the DCI and ask him to arrange backup. Cindy, you come with me and we’ll get the weapons out of the back.”

“Director.”

“Sir, it’s Mona Jenkins. The four of us are in Reston at a small company arranging for a cleaning service and Jack says that the guys inside are the Detroit Terrorist bunch.”

“Don’t do anything, Mona. I’ll call the Director and get the HRT over there immediately. What’s the address in Reston?”

Bruce and Cindy were getting the MP5/10’s from the back. They got all four plus 2 bags filled with extra magazines. They went back to the front of the pickup and got back in.

“Did you reach the DCI?”

“He said he’d contact the Director and get the HRT. Bruce, he said not to do anything, honey.”

The Federal Bureau of Investigation’s Hostage Rescue Team (HRT), part of the Tactical Support Branch of CIRG, is a full time, national-level tactical team, headquartered in Quantico, Virginia. The mission of the HRT is to be prepared to deploy to any location

within four hours of notification by the Director of the FBI or his designated representative, and conduct a successful rescue of United States persons and others who may be held illegally by a hostile force, either terrorist or criminal in nature. The HRT is also prepared to deploy to any location and perform other law enforcement activities as directed by appropriate authorities.

The HRT operationally deploys in support of FBI field divisions and performs a number of law enforcement tactical functions in all environments and under a variety of conditions. In its 17-year history, the team, or components of the team, have deployed on over 200 occasions in support of FBI terrorism, violent criminal, foreign counter-intelligence and other investigations. HRT has performed missions involving hostage rescue, barricaded subjects, high-risk arrest and warrant service (raids), and dive search. Additionally, the HRT has performed traditional law enforcement roles during hurricane relief operations, dignitary protection missions, tactical surveys, and on occasion, pre-positions in support of special events such as the Olympic Games, presidential inaugurations, and political conventions.

“Quantico is 45 miles, it will take them half an hour minimum to get here.”

“Maybe longer, if they drive and come up the beltway, Bruce.”

“They will fly in, in a chopper, but it will still take them 30 minutes, minimum.”

“Here comes Jack,” Mona said.

“What’s the story?” Jack asked.

The HRT is on the way; I estimate about 30 minutes. The DCI told Mona not to do anything.”

“I’ll drive the truck down the street and park. We’ll keep an eye on them until the HRT gets here.”

“Cindy and I got the MP5’s out of the back and all of the extra magazines.”

The FBI must have called the Fairfax County Police Department. Fairfax County doesn’t have a SWAT Team, but they were under instructions to cordon off the area. An officer came up to the 4 people keeping watch on the building and told them they’d have to leave. Out came the USSS ID’s and Jack asked who was in charge. It was the Commander of the Reston District office and Jack left to fill him in. The Commander had worked with the USSS before and he knew a ringer when he saw one – Jack had a USP Tactical, not the standard issue Sig Sauer P229, .357 Sig-caliber pistol. No doubt he was thinking, “Oh, one of those guys...” Still, Jack did have the MP5/10 favored by the USSS.

The economy in the Washington DC area is fairly stable because most of the people are either directly or indirectly somehow involved in the federal government. And in good times and bad for the remainder of the country, the government keeps on operating. Washington is an interesting community in that much of the Civil War was fought in the area. Manassas is only a short horse ride from downtown DC, the District. Gettysburg is only a couple of hours away by car. Abraham Lincoln spent most of the Civil War surrounded.

When the HRT showed up they joined the Fairfax County Police surrounding the building and before it was over, had killed the terrorists, who refused to surrender. They did a body count and identified the terrorists, scratching their names off the FBI's Most Wanted Terrorist List. Unfortunately, not all of the names added in one fell swoop were eliminated, 4 of the terrorists weren't present at their office. When they heard reports on radio and TV, they ducked and covered, going further underground. The FBI recovered several AKM's and 2 of the SA-14 GREMLIN's. The AKM is the AK-47 with the stamped metal receiver. (The folding butt version that had been developed for paratroop forces was named AKS.)

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The Washington Times had an exclusive this time; the police had kept the reporters at bay. When Arkady and Vasily read the story, especially the part about the terrorists who had avoided capture, they loaded up their vehicles and headed to Vienna, Virginia, driving straight through. The DCI also assigned their neighbors as additional guards. Somehow, the rival Washington Post had printed its own article that named names; something the Post had a habit of doing. Everyone has his Geraldo only in this case, the last name was Woodward. Woodward couldn't do any more with the story, *Deep Throat* was 95 years old and buried in Santa Rosa, California.

"How many of them did you miss?" Arkady asked.

"Four. They were off doing a special cleaning job."

"So they were in the Washington area masquerading as Méxicans, huh?"

"I must be losing my touch," Jack lamented.

"Maybe you should just stay on your analyst desk and leave the fieldwork to younger people," Vasily suggested.

"What brings the four of you here?"

"We read the story in the Times. We brought the kids so they could play with your kids; we didn't have the DCI's private number."

"I thought the FSB knew everything," Bruce observed.

“Not everything, did you have your usual, Post Grape Nuts for breakfast?”

“Bacon and eggs.”

“See. We brought our weapons but we can’t turn your neighborhood into a free fire zone. Any suggestions?”

“I’ll get you some of the MP5/10’s.”

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The remaining terrorists had lost their man portable SAM’s so they couldn’t go with plan C and shoot down AF-1. They did however, read the Washington Post. The Post had identified Jack, Cindy and Mona as being employees of the Agency, probably analysts. Bruce was identified as an employee of the opposition Washington Times. Thus it came to be, in the spring of 2008, that the 4 people found themselves to be targets of the terrorists, they just didn’t know it. But Arkady, Vasily and the DCI suspected it. There was a spacious townhouse apartment in the neighborhood and Arkady and Vasily rented it so they could stay in Vienna. (The Russian Embassy paid for furnishings.)

Most people are creatures of habit. They drive to work the same way and at about the same time every day. Habitual people are easy targets and as close as they were to the Langley neighborhood of McLean, Virginia, there wasn’t much that they could do to vary their drive to work. Consequently, the DCI told the 3 of them to work from home using their T-3 lines. T-3 lines even permit real-time videoconferencing. Jack noticed something out of the ordinary about China and held a videoconference with the other analysts and the DI. In a time when the entire world harvest was down, China was storing grain.

“What do you think it means, Jack?”

“Sir, there can only be on reason why China would be storing grain and that would be to feed its Army in a protracted military campaign.”

“That coincides with an increase in their munitions production, Jack.”

“I think that they’re still miffed over Vladimir sitting on them when we bombed Syria,” another analyst offered.

“Are they building transport ships?”

“Yes, but no more than normal.”

“That must mean that they’re either planning on attacking Russia or Taiwan. I’d better pass this up to the DCI. He can coordinate it with the National Intelligence Director (NID) and it might make it to the President before the election.”

Sour grapes? It makes a whole lot of sense adding an extra layer to the already cumbersome intelligence community in the United States. Not! What they should have done, IMHO, is consolidate ALL of the 15 or so intelligence agencies into a single organization. But, what do I know?

TEOTWAWKI, Too! – Part I – Chapter 18 – Thermonuclear War

SYDNEY, Australia (CNN) – A senior Chinese diplomat on the run in Australia claims China has a network of about 1,000 agents in the country who have been involved in kidnappings of dissidents.

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“We’re not staying around here, my friend,” Arkady announced. “It is a lot safer in Osage Beach. You should come too. If the information you have and your analysis is correct, we’re going to have a thermonuclear war.”

“What makes you think so, Arkady?”

“If China is building up in preparation for a war, Vasily and I think that they will attack Taiwan. They wouldn’t dare confront the Federation directly. Your country has always taken the position that if China attacks Taiwan, you will support the Nationalist government. We’re leaving, the four of you and the children can come or not, it’s up to you.”

“I talk to the others. Is there any land available in Osage Beach?”

“You might not have time to build homes. Buy existing homes and upgrade them with pre-manufactured shelters or just have shelters constructed. You have everything you need, don’t you?”

“We do, yes. I’d guess that the Agency would want to keep the homes in the family because of the T-3 lines and the interconnecting tunnel system. Maybe they’ll buy our homes and we can do as you suggest.”

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“I have a career going with the Times,” Bruce complained. “Do you really believe we’re going to have a war with China?”

“I can’t be sure, buddy, but it looks that way. I talked to the DCI and the Agency will buy our homes and resell them to other employees. All we have to do is move our things.”

“Where would we go?” Mona asked.

“Osage Beach, Missouri where Vasily and Arkady live. I also talked to the DCI about that and he said if we give him the word he would find us homes and get construction started on shelters.”

“That’s going to take time, Jack.”

“Maybe, but I half suspect the Agency already owns a couple of homes in Osage Beach already so someone can keep an eye on our Russian friends.”

“Did you ask?”

“If the DCI wanted us to know, he would have told us.”

“Is there a newspaper in Osage Beach?”

“No, but there are 3 in the area, the Jefferson City News, the Lake Sun Leader and the Waynesville Daily Guide. They are all within 30 miles of Osage Beach.” (Camden County supported George W. Bush in the 2004 presidential election.)

There were, in fact, two CIA safe houses according to CIA records in Osage Beach. They were used to house agents who kept an eye on the Russians. The homes already had very fancy shelters, even more elaborate than the shelters for the homes in Vienna, Virginia. It was merely an exercise for an Agency employee to shuffle a lot of paperwork. So elaborate were the Missouri shelters that the difference in the price of their Vienna, Virginia homes and the Osage Beach homes was nominal, about \$400,000, in their favor. They took the difference in Krugerrands.

It took 2 separate semi tractor-trailer rigs to move all of their possessions because of the large amount of supplies the two families had accumulated. This just sounds like a spy story; actually it's all about being prepared and dealing with TEOTWAWKI. They got out of the Washington area just in time; the 4 remaining terrorists attacked Bruce and Mona's home shortly after they left and the new employees had moved in. The score, if you keep track of these things, was CIA – lots, Terrorists – zip. This bunch of terrorists seemed to have the worst luck in the world. Don't kid yourself; having bad luck isn't better than having no luck at all.

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A single T-3 line had been installed for both of the homes to share. Jack, Cindy and Mona kept they jobs with the Agency. If you consider what an analyst does, it amounts to nothing more than processing information and translating that information into an intelligence estimate, e.g., where, when and how the Chinese were going to attack Taiwan or whomever they were going to attack. The other questions, e.g., who, what and why were determined objectively by the facts. Never ask anyone why, it is an open-ended question and their answer usually won't be revealing. In the case of China going to war with Taiwan, the answer should be obvious. If it were Russia, that might be a little less certain. What is attacking someone and when was whenever it happened.

In order to attack Taiwan, the Chinese needed an excuse, real or imagined. Their excuse would be announced to the world in advance, if people could just recognize it. China has already clearly stated that should Taiwan try to claim independence, they would go to war. The US had clearly told China that if they did, we'd kick their butt. In

terms of sheer raw military power, the US is the most powerful military nation in the world. China might have more troops, but the US has the technology. Enhanced Radiation devices, aka neutron bombs, don't have to be huge to release a deadly field of radiation. The larger they are, the more physical damage they cause. A 1kt 'suitcase' nuke creates a blast area (ground zero) with a radius of about 360-meters. A 5kt nuke creates a geometrically proportionately larger blast area. If you want to occupy the country almost immediately after you nuke them with neutron bombs, perhaps you use the smaller devices as in the 0.3kt W-70 ER's. If you don't plan on occupying the country, you can set the adjustable yield weapons to their highest range.

Thermonuclear War is a matter of when, not if. The US only dropped 2 weapons on Japan in 1945, but had a total of 6-7 built, depending upon your information source. After bombing Nagasaki, the US must have suspected that Japan was going to surrender or why didn't we continue to drop atomic bombs in 3-day intervals? There was nothing that the Japanese could have done to stop us. There are 10 countries in the world that possess or may possess nuclear weapons, assuming that South Africa doesn't have any in storage: US – 10,240, Russia – 8,400, China – 390, France – 350, United Kingdom – 200-300, Israel >150 (FAS says 300 – 400), India – 60-90, Pakistan – 30-52, North Korea – 0-18 and Iran-? South Africa was once a nuclear weapons state but has reportedly destroyed its former arsenal. From a high of 65,000 active weapons in 1985, there were about 20,000 active nuclear weapons in the world in 2002. Many of the "decommissioned" weapons were simply stored or partially dismantled, not destroyed. Hmm, I thought Russia had 10k and the US 6k. This is the total, not just the 'active' weapons.

Never Say Never Again was the 1983 remake of *Thunderball* from 1965. I was looking to see who said, *Never say never because...* The only movie quote I could find was *Stepmom* (1998). It is the title and a part of a lyric of several songs, also the title of several books, a poem, numerous articles, etc. Never say that World War III will never happen, it's just when, not if. There are ~20,000 nuclear weapons known to be in various countries arsenals.

Nations known to have initiated serious nuclear weapons programs include: Argentina, Australia, Belarus, Brazil, Egypt, Germany, Iraq, Japan, Kazakhstan, Libya, Poland, Romania, South Africa, South Korea, Sweden, Switzerland, Taiwan and Yugoslavia. Other nuclear capable states include: Canada, Lithuania, Netherlands and Saudi Arabia.

When a thermonuclear war occurs, I can practically guarantee you that it will be TE-OTWAWKI. Whether Carl Sagan and the others were right won't really matter in the short-term and in the long-term there are too many variables to allow anyone to make a meaningful speculation. The only event that can occur that would absolutely guarantee the elimination of humanity like the elimination of the dinosaurs is a rock popping out from behind the sun. People will survive the initial onslaught or exchange of weapons. I rather doubt that there will be many waves of weapons with the attack continuing for days or weeks. Countries who decide to use their weapons will try to decapitate the other guy and prevent that. Countries being attacked will probably release their land-

based weapons immediately to prevent their destruction by the other guy. It only makes sense, doesn't it?

Politically, the nations of the world are too immature not to use their weapons, regardless of what James Tiberius Kirk says. If they have them and it appears that the other guy is attacking... I happen to agree with Jerry's assessment that there may not be many MZB's after an all-out nuclear exchange. There may be some, but they will probably be local in nature. In a scenario like *Light's Out* you don't have a lot of dead people and MZB's are probable. In that case, it might well turn out to be the haves and the have-nots with the have-nots taking from the haves. If you are prepared, it won't make much difference; you'll be a have and will be prepared to protect what you have. Otherwise, you'll be a have-not and will end up taking from others; it is just natural human instinct, e.g., to survive. Whether or not you can protect what you have will depend on a lot of circumstances. There is safety in numbers of like-thinking people. If you come up against too many have-nots, they may end up being the haves and you'll end up being dead.

Nothing happens in a vacuum, and both the US and Russia were well aware what was probably going to happen. The US didn't have the time or resources to develop a Civil Defense program at this late date and the only thing the government could do was to warn the people through FEMA that the possibility of nuclear war, however remote, existed. The population was advised to store 2 weeks' worth of food and water in a secure shelter. People in California and Florida were at a severe disadvantage and they were advised to evacuate. Neither state had many, if any, basements, especially Florida. In Florida, you called a basement your swimming pool.

If you didn't have a generator, forget it. If you wanted to store fuel, you'd better already have barrels or cans and just hope you could find some fuel to buy. People actually became alarmed and tried to stock up on all of the food they could buy, forcing store managers to limit quantities. The people who were prepared simply topped off what they had and perhaps bought more ammo, just in case.

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China ended up attacking Taiwan on August 1, 2008, Army Day. A communist-led nationalist army staged the first armed uprising in Chinese communist history against the Nationalists on August 1, 1927. It was regarded as the beginning of the Red Army (later the People's Liberation Army). Now the anniversary is often used to promote better relationships between the army and civilians, a tradition believed to have helped it beat the Nationalists during the civil war in 1949. It was only logical that the attack would occur on Army Day, they were just carrying out an old family tradition. China had about 600 weapons, not 390. They had to attack not only the US, but Russia as well. North Korea took care of South Korea for them. Here's how it all went down:

In the early morning hours, local time, of August 1, 2008, the Chinese Air Force began bombing and attacking Taiwan with missiles to eliminate their defenses. The Taiwanese

responded in kind and called upon the United States to come to their aid. George ordered the Threat Level raised to Red and the military to DEFCON-2. He immediately contacted the Russians and the United States' allies to explain what was going down. Much of the US's Pacific Fleet was already at sea because the DIN had warned him it was coming. Prior to the call from Taiwan, the US was at Orange and DEFCON-3. They launched the bombers to protect them, loaded with weapons of course. All ships that weren't at sea, sortied, having been put on alert and military ground forces were moved to shelter.

It doesn't really matter who used the first nuclear weapon. Once it started, the United States launched its 50 Peacekeeper missiles and any MIRV'd Minuteman III missiles still in inventory against China. It was totally unnecessary to launch the 336 Trident II missiles with their 2,688 warheads or drop any bombs. World War III lasted 80 minutes. China attacked the United States and Russia. It sent bombers to India; Pakistan took advantage and launched its missiles against India, which retaliated. The Israelis didn't have to use their weapons, except against Egypt and Libya, and then, only a few. Nobody attacked Europe; what a shame, it would have given a whole new meaning to the term French fry. Russia also attacked China and the missiles that flew had particularly dirty warheads.

China's warheads were dirty too. China had used 300 weapons, give or take, on the United States and 100 on the Russian Federation. Principle American targets were military installations and the 100 largest metropolitan areas. These areas, especially in the west, were still recovering from that attack on Yellowstone and the Long Valley Caldera back on Independence Day 2005. Obviously, Bruce wouldn't get to find out if those eruptions would lead to a warming of the atmosphere and cause an abrupt climate change. However, would the recovery from the nuclear winter cause a warming of the atmosphere and cause an abrupt climate change?

Did you ever see the ABC special, *The Day After*? It was the frightening story of the weeks leading up to and following a nuclear strike on the United States. The bulk of the activity centers on the town of Lawrence, Kansas. To quote a viewer of the program:

"I first saw the film as a high school student attending a Department of Defense school in Germany in the early 1980's. The film was shown in school and it scared the bejeezus out of me and many of my fellow students. We were dealing with Red Army Faction terrorism, car bombs, bomb threats at school and only a few hundred miles from the border to East Germany. The concepts were quite accurate: if the eastern bloc came over the border, then the ONLY NATO response could be to fight a delayed retreat, blowing up roads and bridges as the US and NATO forces were pushed back and most of Germany would have fallen to the Eastern Bloc before any offensive action could have been taken. The scenario leading to the nuclear attacks is quite real and plausible.

"The critics say the film was not graphic enough (they prefer things like *Threads*) or too graphic (preferring more subtle films like *Testament*). There is no need to be totally graphic and accurate in portraying the events. Yes, we know it would be worse. But the

goal is not to gross everyone out. We want younger audiences to see the film too - and that would never happen with something like Threads. Likewise, a more emotional but action lacking film would not draw in the audiences. The purpose was to 'get the point across' and I think it did that very successfully - bad acting, flubbed lines, stock footage and all. It showed enough of the circumstances surrounding the events for those who had some education in things could recognize issues and say, 'Yes that's right' while not being overly graphic so that only adults could see it.

"If you want to see an action movie about nuclear war or you want to see a touchy-feely emotional treatment of the losses due to war – this film is not for you. The purpose of this film is to show what nuclear war may be like (in a very superficial way) and to remind everyone that it must NEVER happen again. Back in the early 1980's with the Soviets under a rotating leadership of old hardliners and the US with Ronny talking smack – the threat was very real and the reality check this film delivers was needed. It doesn't play as well in the year 2002 – but you must remember when a film was made when you see it."

Another viewer said:

"If you think this movie's theme is outdated, think again. The Doomsday Clock has moved ahead three times since the end of the Cold War. From a press release: 'Chicago, February 27, 2002: Today, the Board of Directors of the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists moves the minute hand of the Doomsday Clock, the symbol of nuclear danger, from nine to seven minutes to midnight, the same setting at which the clock debuted 55 years ago. Since the end of the Cold War in 1991, this is the third time the hand has moved forward.'"

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"So, it finally happened."

"It was inevitable Arkady."

"We're good here, are you and Bruce covered?"

"We can stay in the shelters for as long as it takes the radiation level to fall to the normal background level."

"There aren't any major targets in Missouri, right?"

"Not since they removed the missiles, no. However, there is Kansas City and we could get fallout from a long distance away."

"This sound powered phone is very nice, how did you think of it?"

“Your shelters weren’t that far away and I figured that we would end up buttoned up in our individual shelter complexes. It only made sense to have reliable communications. If you have a problem or we have a problem, we can contact each other. During the first couple of weeks there won’t be much we can do to help each other out, but I have no idea when, or if, the phone service will ever be restored. You did buy radios, right?”

“Yaesu radios, the international models, not the American models.”

“Ours are American.”

“If they’re Japanese, all you have to do is put a hot soldering iron in a particular spot and melt a fusible link. You will have all of the frequencies then for the full range of the particular radio’s spectrum, but I don’t know if the band switch will still work.”

“I guess since we’re in the US, we can monitor the US frequencies and Vasily and you can monitor the international frequencies. Our radios are the Kenwood model TS-2000.”

“They’re Japanese. That’s a good idea. Is two weeks enough or will we have to stay in the shelter longer?”

“Did you buy the CD V-717 meters, too?”

“We did, yes. They’re properly installed.”

“They’ll probably go off the 500R scale in the beginning, but towards the end of the two weeks, you’ll be able to tell when to come out. I talked to Bruce and we’ll probably just stay in our shelters for 100 days. The radiation level is 0.1 in 7 hours, 0.01 in 49 hours, 0.001 in 343 hours and 0.0001 in 2,401 hours.”

“That’s the 7/10 rule right?”

“Right.”

“It was discovered by a Russian scientist, did you know?”

“Is that the guy that invented the phaser, Arkady?”

“Same guy, yes.”

“I thought so.”

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I don’t know who figured out radioactive decay – no doubt some physicist. Possibly even Madame Currie. She was killed by radiation, you know. The public and industrialists were fascinated by the Curies’ discoveries. Radium, inexhaustibly giving out energy

(you could see the light, and it gave out heat too), hinted at great mysteries and perhaps amazing inventions. Moreover, Pierre proved that radium could damage living flesh. That opened a new way to treat cancer and other ailments. But Marie lost nearly 20 pounds while doing her doctoral research, and Pierre was often exhausted and in pain. Was it overwork and stress, or was radiation the cause of their frequent illnesses? Marie refused to believe that radiation was very harmful, but doctors today think otherwise.

In 1903 Mrs. Marie Curie completed her doctoral thesis, becoming the first woman to receive a doctorate in France. Curie became the first person to win a second Nobel Prize. She pulled herself together and traveled to Sweden to accept the 1911 Nobel Prize for Chemistry for her discovery of radium and polonium. In 1934, she was delighted when her daughter Irène and Irène's husband, Frédéric Joliot-Curie, discovered artificial radioactivity at the Radium Institute. Curie did not live to see Irène and Frédéric receive the 1935 Nobel Prize for their discovery. As early as 1920 she had been suffering from medical problems, probably caused by her many years of exposure to radioactive materials. On July 4, 1934, Marie Curie died of aplastic anemia, a blood disease that often results from getting too much radiation. She was buried next to Pierre. In 1995 the remains of the pair were transferred to the majestic Pantheon in Paris, where they now lie alongside France's greatest citizens. The President of France declared that the transfer demonstrated the nation's respect for all those, like the Curies, "who dedicate themselves to science."

o

"This is Vasily, our meter says that the radiation level is down to 1R/hr."

"We have the same level here, Vasily. It would be better to wait to come out of the shelter until the level is much lower," Bruce suggested.

"We are getting, what do you call it, cabin fever."

"You could probably go outside long enough to put up your antennas now, but if it were I, I'd wait. We're going to stay inside the full 100-days, regardless."

"We want to check on our houses."

"They're fine, I can see them in my closed circuit TV camera. Jack went out earlier for 5 minutes and erected it. We have one of those suits, you know, do you?"

"What suits?"

"The level III biohazard containment suits. Jack got about 0.100mR on his dosimeter while he was out. But, Jack and I aren't planning on having any more children. Are Arkady and you planning on more?"

"Absolutely."

“Stay inside.”

“I wonder who won the war?”

“That’s the easy question, Vasily, everyone lost. We killed off the Chinese, or your people did and between the two countries, I seriously doubt that China will be giving anyone trouble for a few hundred years. You Russians are more accustomed to losing people than we are. What did you lose during WW II, 20 million?”

“Even one is too many, but that time, 20 million, yes.”

“If the NSA is still around and they forward pictures to the Agency, we might be able to tap into them with our computers. That’s providing we ever get the T-3 link up again, of course.”

“T-3 is fiber optics, you might.”

“I never found out if our T-3 link was commercial or a hardened military link. Either way, it’s down at the moment.”

“It’s a hardened military link,” Vasily replied.

“How do you know?”

“We couldn’t tap it.”

“You tried?”

“Of course, we’re spies. What did you expect?”

“I thought you were retired.”

“We are, now...”

◦

“Vasily told me that we have a hardened military T-3 link.”

“How does he know?”

“He says that they tried to tap it.”

“They can tap it; they just can’t decipher the dataflow without that box we have attached to our router.”

“He said that they were fully retired now.”

“Maybe I can give him the boxes for their computers, then. Eight heads are better than 4 and the DCI already set them up with user ID’s and passwords, just in case.”

“Jack, the T-3 line is up,” Cindy announced.

“I guess it WAS a hardened military T-3 line,” Bruce smiled.

o

Everyone stayed in the shelters the full 100 days. Jack, Bruce and their families because: 1) they were being careful and, 2) they could monitor the 4 houses with the CCTV. Possibly one might have a lot of damage if one were anywhere near a big city. But, out in the boonies, everything looked almost normal. Things were far from normal; it was already winter; a very cold winter, as a matter of fact. Should we dig up Carl Sagan and tell him he was right? RIP Carl Sagan, it remains to be seen just how right you were. The nuclear exchange came on August 1, 2008. The date was November 9, 2008 and 100 days had passed.

“I have something for you,” Jack told Arkady.

“What is it?”

“A deciphering box and software for your computers so you can access the Agency’s computer.”

“We have them, we just didn’t know what the setting was,” Arkady laughed out loud.

“Well, I don’t know what the setting is either, so just use our boxes. The DCI already assigned user ID’s and passwords for you and Vasily.”

“Trusting isn’t he?”

“Pragmatic.”

“Is the T-3 line up?”

“Yes, it came up the same day Vasily told Bruce that you fellas tried to tap it.”

“I didn’t know...”

TEOTWAWKI, Too! – Part I – Chapter 19 – Nuclear Winter

Why call the chapter Nuclear Winter? Nuclear Winter happens in the summer and it's going to be a long time until spring. Why not? The story, is it improbable? Absolutely! Impossible? Never, say never... If you had asked me on February 25, 1993 whether or not terrorists would be able to bomb the WTC with a Ryder truck filled with explosives, I'd have told you NO. If you had asked me on April 18th, 1995 whether or not approximately the same quantity of explosives in a Ryder rental truck detonated outside of the Murrah federal building in Oklahoma City would all but bring it down, I would have said NO. If you had asked me on September 10, 2001 whether or not crashing an airplane into the WTC would bring it down, I would have said, NOT LIKELY. If you had asked on the same date, 9/10/01, whether or not terrorists would crash jet airliners into BOTH WTC towers and cause BOTH to collapse, I would have told you NO. And, the Pentagon on top of that? ABSOLUTELY NOT! If you had asked me on July 3, 2005 whether or not terrorists could explode 5 Russian nukes and cause Yellowstone and the Long Valley Caldera to erupt, again, I would have admitted they could set off the bombs, but that the USGS claimed that nuclear weapons couldn't possibly cause the Calderas to erupt.

◦

It's just a good thing there's nothing on TV worth watching. I posted the links to the Patriot Fiction – Collected Works section. Yes, I know the correct name for the section; I'm senile and crazy, not illiterate. And, I did make the appointment to have my plumbing checked from the inside out, or was that Up the Down Staircase? What did they mean, 10-years between exams was too long? Hogwash. It's sort of like having COPD. The only way they can tell what kind of COPD you have is with an autopsy. I think maybe I'll wait to find out until later. They can send me a wire or something and I'll put down my shovel to take time to read it. At least I'll be among friends.

◦

"It isn't anything like I thought it would be," Bruce observed.

"What did you expect?"

"I saw a rerun of *The Day After*, I suppose that's what I expected. Where is Lawrence, Kansas anyway?"

"About halfway between Kansas City and Topeka to the west."

"That can't be right."

"What do you mean?"

"In *The Day After* they showed Minuteman III missiles being launched from between Kansas City and Lawrence."

“It was only a movie. The missile sites were at Forbes AFB near Topeka and they were Atlas E missiles. Those sites were deactivated in 1965. Now, if you want Minuteman sites in this region, they had those at Whiteman AFB, here in Missouri. They had Minuteman I and II’s. The Missile Wing was officially deactivated in July 1995.”

“So that’s why there aren’t many targets in Missouri.”

“Right, only Whiteman AFB, where they had the B-2 bombers. When those were shifted to Guam, Diego Garcia, the United Kingdom and Arabia, there were no real targets of merit in Missouri, except for Kansas City and St. Louis.”

“Where did the fallout come from?”

“Some of it may be from Kansas City. Some of it could be from Whiteman, but I doubt it. I’d guess the remainder came from F. E. Warren AFB in Wyoming. That was a big Minuteman III site and if I recall the radiation drift patterns that I saw at Radmeters4U, we would get some of that radiation here in Missouri.”

“Why did the DCI give Arkady and Vasily access to the CIA mainframe?”

“It was only provisional, Bruce. They didn’t really have access until they had a decryption box with the proper codes plus a user ID and password. Sorry that I forgot to mention it earlier. What secrets are there to keep and why would we want to keep them? The Cold War is over; World War III is over; and, there can’t be many terrorists left to attack this country. What would be the point anyway? They took their best shot with Yellowstone and Long Valley and the country survived. Who would want to come to the US after we’ve been attacked by the Chinese?”

“What about Russia?”

“The Chinese attacked them too; they probably won’t be going anywhere. If they do, my money would be on the Mediterranean and Europe because they can walk or drive there.”

“I’ve decided to add another section to my book.”

“Now what?”

“We had the escape from Yellowstone, the unusual winters that followed and just when it was starting to get better, WW III. I’m going to include a section about WW III and the Nuclear Winter that it will create. I’ll make the question about an abrupt climate change the fourth section of the book.”

“Did it ever occur to you that people who have lived through all of these events aren’t going to want to read about it? Who is around to publish books?”

“Then I’ll print it out and leave a copy for the crew of the Enterprise when they do a time warp and show up in our Century.”

“You do that; it will keep you out from under foot.”

◦

They had a turkey in the freezer and come Thanksgiving, the four couples had a lot to be thankful for. They were alive, which was more than could be said for a lot of people. They had their health, so far, and their dosimeters barely registered confirming the benefit of staying in the shelter for 100-days. They were in the central United States, not in the northern United States or in Russia. Cold weather would probably negatively affect the bass fishing but they had a lake with fish in it and enough food to see them though at least a full year, maybe more. Finally, with access to the CIA mainframe, they could hopefully keep abreast of developments around the country, assuming the CIA was even around. Check that, the mainframe was up so someone was running it.

Add to that, a well and a septic system plus the means to generate electricity for a reasonable period of time and the means and wherewithal to secure more fuel, somewhere. While they had been in the shelters for the 100-days, they’d discovered advance preparations the Agency had made that they had never considered. There were enough solar panels to power up to 6 shelters at nearly full power, inverters and dozens of gel cell storage units (batteries). There was enough to share with Arkady and Vasily and possibly 2 more families. Behind the solar panels and other electrical equipment were additional weapons, ammunition and a large supply of hand tools and power equipment (rototiller, etc.) they would need to plant and maintain a garden.

Did you know that there are over 400 varieties of heirloom tomatoes alone? They had a list of the heirloom seeds and the ones they had in stock were check marked on the list. These seeds were specifically selected for the central US during a Nuclear Winter plus a second group for when the winter ended. Obviously someone had done a lot of planning to prepare these particular two shelters for long-term survival. And, whoever had done it hadn’t been aware of what they had in their personal inventory of survival supplies, meaning that there was nearly enough food for two years, not one, counting their personal supplies. Maybe they should be listening at the door for the DCI to show up, huh?

◦

Note to readers: The concept of government caches which follows was adapted from *After the Fall* which may be found in Patriot Fiction – Collected Works and was written by TM456. You will have to go 3 pages deep to find the story. I borrowed only the concept, and none of his story. I can’t borrow from the story because that would be stealing and I do not have permission to use it. Hopefully if using a similar idea is a problem, someone will call me on it, quickly. I have endeavored to give credit where credit is due.

These caches will be simply that, dead drops of carefully preserved supplies and possibly some equipment. You can't patent an idea, can it be copyrighted?

o

Contrary to popular belief, there are several locations around the United States where members of the central government can hole up. It wouldn't do for the President to be forced to travel from California to Mt. Weather simply to seek shelter. Although the US had ample warning in this instance, the government couldn't always count on that. In addition to the alternate shelters, there were also caches of supplies at strategic locations around the country. These caches included equipment, supplies, weapons, and things that, if recovered, would be a gold mine. In the safes in both Jack and Bruce's shelter were sealed packages with instructions that it was to be opened only in case of a thermonuclear war.

"Are we ready to open the packages, Bruce? Our Russian friends are here, according to the instructions on the outside of the envelopes. The instructions said to include everyone in our party."

"Is there anything that I need to be aware of or can I just rip the package open?"

"Not that I know of; but, it might be wise to wear latex gloves, just in case there is an anti-tamper feature that isn't apparent."

"Here's goes nothing. Huh, it's a stack of maps and a small booklet of instructions."

"What's on the maps?"

"Each map has a location marked on it. It is the only mark on the map."

"Then I conclude that there must be instructions in the booklets explaining the locations marked on the maps."

"Hmm, it appears to be lists of supplies."

"Are there instructions on how to find the exact locations?"

"No, there aren't. What there is, are a user ID and password. Maybe if we use that user ID and the password to access the mainframe, we can find out more."

"The Russian government and the KGB once had caches that were established when they began building Civil Defense shelters. Maybe this is something on that order," Arkady suggested.

"Well, leave it to the Agency to discover any caches our government might have had and their locations. We had some hackers on the payroll; maybe they cracked the

codes needed to enter those locations. If they didn't, I rather doubt the information will be of much use. On the other hand, why put the information in these safes if they didn't have all of the information we would need to recover the supplies or whatever is at those locations. Can you tell where the locations are from the maps?"

"No, the scale of the map is unlike anything I've ever seen. They're topo maps and the detail is far too fine. Without the information on whatever computer it's on, they won't do us a bit of good."

"Are there any markings on the maps beside the marked location?"

"Only a number."

"Go back to the booklet, what kind of supplies?"

"Food, weapons, munitions, medical supplies, fuel and some apparently obsolete equipment. What is an M151?"

"An M151 is a Jeep," Vasily answered. "Your government replaced them with the HMWWV. I thought that they were all destroyed or sold as salvage. The rear suspension system on M151 vehicles was designed for rough terrain usage by stabilizing the stock and military personnel operating the M151 had to be given special training in use of the vehicle. On paved roads, where the general public would normally use a vehicle, the vehicles were readily subject to rollover accidents. The Administrator, National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, of your federal DOT, identified the M151 vehicles as a hazard to the safety of public highway users."

"Shall we use the user ID and the password to access the mainframe?" Jack asked.

"This information won't do us any good unless we do, Jack. The locations could be anywhere."

"What was it you said? Here's goes nothing..."

o

Accessing the mainframe and entering the user ID provided brought up a password screen. Entering the password from the booklet caused the computer to display a 'Wait' screen. Eventually, another screen came up and asked for the range of map numbers and had two fields, one for the lowest map number and another for the highest map number. Once entered, the computer screen displayed a list of hyperlinks, one for each of the map numbers. Jack clicked on the top hyperlink and we presented with a screen that told where the location was, followed by the list of supplies at that location. He clicked on the printer function on the screen and it activated his LaserJet and printed the location information and the list.

When they had completed the task, they opened the second package, the one from Jack's safe. It had an entirely different set of maps, different user ID and different password. Jack repeated the entire process and printed off a second set of location information and supplies lists. By the time they were done, they had 50 different locations, ranging from Ohio to Colorado and from Minnesota to Texas. They next sat down to read the lists in detail. Each location was accessible without passwords or computer codes. The point of access for each cache was on the fine detail topo map and a graphic on the printout from the mainframe showed where the topo map referred. The entrances were buried about 18" deep in the ground.

At the moment they didn't need any supplies and the Indian must have been standing on their roof, the snow was extremely deep. The Russians had used skis to get there. They would need to wait until spring to check out one of those locations. The nearest one was near Whiteman AFB. They had communications with the mainframe, but no phone or utilities. Looking at an atlas, it appeared to them that they were somewhere between 90 and 100 miles from Whiteman, which was northwest of their location in Osage Beach. They would need to take US 54 to state 52 to state 5 to US 50 and then west to Whiteman. The cache wasn't on the base, but nearby; a fact that made accessing it far easier than entering a US military installation.

o

I reported that the US military was prepared for the strike and planes were in the air, ships at sea and the ground forces under cover. The country's military survived primarily intact. They hadn't waited 100 days, but were on the road assessing the damage and doing what they could to help survivors after 2 weeks, starting out MOPP'd at level 4. The Chinese hadn't hit Pearl Harbor or Bangor. Maybe they didn't have enough missiles to go around. Most aircraft ended up in the western US on one dry lakebed or another. Not that anyone cared, but the unfired Minuteman III missiles were intact. The US and Russia probably had enough missiles and warheads left for WW IV through WW VI, Albert Einstein had been wrong.

You could scratch China, North Korea, India and Pakistan from the nuclear club. In fact, you could scratch those 4 countries, period. In the Middle East, Lebanon, Israel, Jordan and some of those little Emirates were all that remained south of Turkey. Europe hadn't been hit and except for Egypt and Libya, the same could be said for Africa. Russia had been hurt, but not a lot worse than Operation Barbarossa, Hitler's attack on the USSR in the summer of 1941. Australia rounded up all the suspected Chinese spies and put them in a camp in the Outback. They were told that it was for their own protection. In retrospect, the world had gone mad for 80 minutes and the survivors came out of the affair just plain mad. What could the military say? "Don't blame me, I only work here?"

For the 4 couples and their children in Missouri, the focus was much narrower. Of primary importance was surviving the winter. Their vehicles were useless until the snow melted; there was no one clearing roads. Jack considered the solar panels to be of marginal importance because until the snowfall let up, sometime in the future, keeping

them clear during the winter would be a Herculean task. At least the panels explained those strange brackets on the roofs of their homes and why the garages had been built on an east-west line and had brackets too.

Just to remind you, one of the much-overlooked aspects of a severe cooling cycle, regardless of the cause, is a drought. The reduced temperatures prevent evaporation of moisture thus reducing the amount of moisture in the air that is available to fall as rain and snow. After Mother Nature dumps the available moisture in the winter immediately following a disaster like the super volcanoes or WW III, subsequent years will be very dry and cold. As the atmosphere begins to clear of ash and smoke, the temperatures will slowly rise. Precipitation will also increase, but first Mother Nature has to replenish the atmospheric aquifers. There will always be a lag of a year or two. And, that doesn't consider the effects of El Nino or La Nina.

Survivors in the northern regions will be forced to move south where the temperature is warmer and there is more moisture for growing food. The relative humidity will be much lower until nature is back in balance. People will no doubt plant large gardens, provided they can get the seed and find available land to use. Note that I said that the seeds in the shelters were in two groups, the nuclear winter group and the post nuclear winter group. They would turn out to be well selected; the eruptions of the super volcanoes had allowed the Agency to adjust their seed selection to a more correct assessment of the conditions that might prevail. Out of bad, came good.

o

“How are things over at your homes?”

“Fine, thank you. Cold. Tanya and Sasha are expecting babies. This is much more like home this year.”

“It won't last Arkady; next year will be very cold and very dry.”

“How are your families?”

“Cabin fever. The kids want to go out and play in the snow but we don't have sleds.”

“I can loan you a toboggan.”

“You'll have to bring it over; there aren't any snowshoes or skis in our shelters.”

“You want to borrow skis or snowshoes? We have both.”

“You can take the Russians out of Russia, but you can't take Russia out of the Russians?”

"If I understand, that is correct." Translation: A wetback is a wetback no matter where they live. What red neck? The Russians are far more racially prejudiced than Americans; they didn't have Martin Luther King. They export their Jews and you won't find a lot of black folks in Russia, most of their slaves were white.

"I've seen worse winters in Moscow."

"Vasily, this is the northern Ozarks; this amount of snow is very unusual. How do you work a toboggan?"

"Set the children on it and pull the rope."

"Very simple."

"It was invented by a Russian."

"What wasn't invented by a Russian?"

"The atom bomb. We stole that from you."

"Bad choice of something to steal."

"It's too late now, Jack."

"So are you teaching your children Russian?"

"As a second language, only. We teach them proper American English as their primary language." Oxymoron?

"Have you seen many people out?"

"Some. They reacted badly to our accents. I tried to tell them that it was the Chinese and that both the United States and Russia attacked China. We gave some people a little food to tide them over."

"Trying to make new friends?"

"It beats having them try to take what we have. Mob mentality is the same all over the world."

"What did you give them?"

"Standard American fare: beans, rice, flour, cornmeal and potatoes."

"When your potatoes start spouting, cut out the eyes with some meat and save them. You can use them to start potatoes in the spring."

◦

Learning a foreign language isn't easy, but not impossible. The real problem in learning a foreign language is the idioms. For an example of what I'm saying, watch *Russia House* (1990) and observe Michelle Pfeiffer explaining a Russian word that sounds like possible to Sean Connery. American English is especially difficult because it is more idiomatic than English English. In order to teach its spies idiomatic American English, the Russians needed something like *Mrs. Ivanova's Charm School*. Maybe the sex was a bonus.

◦

Mother Nature exhausted the moisture in the air, halting the snowfall, but not the cold. The cold and a lack of fuel snuffed the fires, allowing the air to begin to clear. The next question would be: would the ensuing drought dry the forests out and contribute to the effect when the forests burned? I'm not certain, but I expect Carl Sagan would have said yes. Almost all of the nuclear exchange was in the Northern Hemisphere. Nature knew nothing of Supervolcanoes or nuclear exchanges; all she could do was react. That, no doubt, was what Sagan and others had been counting on. Forest fires aren't all caused by arson; some occur quite naturally. You have heard of lightning, right?

March 2009 came in like a lion and left like a lion. It just didn't deposit a lot of snow. What they had instead was extreme cold and high winds. Everyone ran out of firewood for their fireplace inserts. While they had hand tools, including chainsaws, there wasn't a lot they could do except cut down the trees around their homes. It wasn't as if there wasn't plenty of wood available in the area and they did have more than enough propane to fire their gas-powered furnaces. The Agency hadn't bothered with a natural gas hookup; they had put in a very large, underground propane tank instead. Arkady and Vasily had propane too, albeit smaller, 3,000-gallon tanks.

"Do you have any firewood left?"

"All gone, we're running on propane."

"We could cut down the trees."

"We'll need them for shade when summer gets here, assuming it ever does."

"Will we be able to get propane to refill our tanks?"

"You have guns, right?"

"Yes."

"We can get propane. If they won't sell it to us for gold and silver, we have the means at our disposal to take it. Do you have enough to see you through?"

"It will depend on when we can shut off the furnaces, but probably yes."

"I can give you solar panels, inverters and batteries. I'm not about to go on the roof to help you install them, however. I also have the brackets to mount them on your roofs and roof tar to seal where you put in the lag bolts."

"It's too windy to go on the roofs, Jack. Thank you, but we'll wait."

"The snow may well last until June, are you certain?"

"June would be ok. July would be a problem."

"There wasn't any propane on those lists of supplies at the caches, you know."

"I think the propane supplier is from Camden. It shouldn't be a problem. So Bruce and you have gold and silver too?"

"We have a fairly good supply, yes; what about you?"

"We each had 12 Krugerrands so we each have 24 coins per family. It was part of our E & E stuff. We bought some old silver coins while the market was down. Russians can be capitalists, too, you know."

"I should say so. You have the most powerful Mafia in the entire world."

"It's the Jews, Jack. Russia should have exported the whole bunch a long time ago."

"Instead you wouldn't let them out, right?"

"Right, they were convenient labor."

"They will end up owning Russia, you know."

"The Jews will probably end up owning the world. It is in their nature. Shakespeare wrote about it in *The Merchant of Venice*. Each to their own, I guess."

"Dang good soldiers."

"Their cause is righteous."

"They believe that God gave them the world."

"I thought it was just Palestine."

TEOTWAWKI, Too! – Part I – Chapter 20 – Late Spring Shopping

The wind died off a little in May and the weather began to warm. The roads cleared sooner than the fields, probably because of the asphalt. Towards the end of May, Jack and Bruce plus Arkady and Vasily hooked trailers to Jack and Bruce's pickups and they headed to Whiteman AFB, or more specifically, the outskirts of Whiteman AFB. They didn't actually get close enough to the AFB to see it. If they had, they would have seen that Whiteman had taken a single Chinese missile, destroying the runway.

"I think this is the location, Jack," Bruce radioed over channel 23 on the CB radio.

"Park your pickup and we'll get out and look."

"10-4."

"I brought a shovel, there's a lot of snow on the ground."

"It should be about right over here, Jack. Do you see these numbers on the edge of the map? I think that those might be GPS coordinates."

"I'll get my GPS receiver out of the pickup. It's a good thing that I thought to bring it."

"I brought mine. But, until we got here, I wasn't certain what the numbers meant."

"I read off the reading from my receiver and you tell me when to stop when I get to the right place, ok?"

"Ok. Start walking straight ahead and stop in say, 5'."

"The first coordinates are:" and Jack responded with a set of numbers.

"Move an additional 5' in the same direction and stop again."

It took about 10 minutes for the reading on Jack's military issue GPS receiver (AN/PSN-11 EPLGR) to exactly match the reading on the map's edge. When Bruce finally told Jack that the readings matched, Jack grinned and said, "I don't see any 'X'."

"Maybe it's under the snow. You shovel off the snow and I'll go get a spade."

The clank of the spade hitting metal was almost like music. The ground was still hard and it took some digging to enlarge the hole enough for them to be able to access the manhole cover. I didn't say that every cache had M151 Jeeps. Any cache that did would have some sort of access to get the vehicles to the surface, it only stands to reason. Unless you know of some way to shrink a Jeep, I can shrink one, but I can't unshrink it once it's out of the hole. The manhole had a ladder and led down to what gave every appearance of being a Quonset hut. Inside, they found 9mm, 5.56x45mm, 7.62x51mm,

and .50 caliber linked ammo. There was a single M2HB machine gun complete with tripod, 2 M240B machine guns with tripods and optional shoulder straps, 4 M249 SAW's, 2 M224 60mm LWCMS mortars, plus M16A3/M203 rifles and M9 pistols. There were also M67 hand grenades, rounds for the mortars and 40mm grenades for the M203's on the M16A3/M203. It was obviously a military cache, it had late-date: MRE's, Tray Packs and the Humanitarian Daily Rations (HDR).

There was also an assortment of other combat equipment including the EPLGR's, night vision equipment and so forth. They would need to make several trips or bring a semi tractor-trailer rig to haul away all of the matériel in the Quonset hut. They decided that several trips would be more prudent than bringing in a tractor-trailer. On this trip, they got the weapons and all of the ammunition they could carry. On the next trip back, they intended to get the HDR's and distribute them to the people in the Osage Beach area. Did someone say music? I'll teach you to say music. Remember this one:

ARTIST: Zager and Evans
TITLE: In the Year 2525

*In the year 2525
If man is still alive.
If woman can survive, they may find.*

*In the year 3535
Ain't gonna need to tell the truth, tell no lies.
Everything you think, do and say, is in the pill you took today.*

*In the year 4545
Ain't gonna need your teeth, won't need your eyes.
You won't find a thing to chew.
Nobody's gonna look at you.*

*In the year 5555
Your arms hanging limp at your sides.
Your legs got nothing to do.
Some machine doing that for you.*

*In the year 6565
Ain't gonna need no husband, won't need no wife.
You'll pick your son, pick your daughter too.
From the bottom of a long glass tube. Whoa-oh*

*In the year 7510
If God's a-comin, he oughta make it by then.
Maybe he'll look around himself and say.
Guess it's time for the judgment day.*

*In the year 8510
God is gonna shake his mighty head.
He'll either say. I'm pleased where man has been.
Or tear it down and start again. Whoa-oh*

*In the year 9595
I'm kinda wonderin if man is gonna be alive.
He's taken everything this old Earth can give.
And he ain't put back nothing. Whoa-oh*

*Now it's been ten thousand years
Man has cried a billion tears.
For what he never knew,
now man's reign is through.*

*But through eternal night.
The twinkling of starlight.
So very far away.
Maybe it's only yesterday.*

*In the year 2525
If man is still alive.
If woman can survive, they may find.*

In the year 3535 {fade}

The guys who did the song were probably more right than they ever imagined.

The fellas just wanted to make it to 2010. In the light of Yellowstone, Long Valley and WW III, I can't really say that I blame them. 2010 would be good and 2011 even better, possibly a vintage year. Never, ever lose your sense of humor. When all else fails and you have nothing left, it may be the only thing that gets you through the day. Laughter is the best medicine for what ails you. The Ma Deuce is in second place. It was nice to find a military cache with all of those weapons, ammo and food. Now, all that was left was to get it back to Osage Beach. After the pickup and trailers were full, they replaced the manhole cover and filled the hole in with snow. Then they used a broom to smooth the snow to where they had parked the pickups and trailers. With luck, the wind would blow away any evidence of their presence.

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Because the Russian's didn't have pickups, they were limited to how much they could get in a single trip. They didn't want to disclose the location or existence of the caches to anyone else for fear that the caches would be raided and the matériel contained therein used against them. Imagine trying to empty out a Quonset hut, regardless of the size, with 2 pickups and 2 trailers. It took them to the end of June. It would have taken

longer had not they distributed the HDR's. The HDR's really were the Meals Refused by Ethiopians. They were a universal ration for people of any faith or any persuasion. Since the meals were designed as a complete day's supply of food, a minimum of two entrees was provided in each meal bag. Complementary components were also included to provide the balance of the daily nutritional requirements that call for not less than 2200 calories, broken down as 10-13% protein, 27-30% fat, and not less than 60% carbohydrates. A spoon and a non-alcohol based moist towelettes were the only non-food components in the meal bag. Did I mention that they were vegetarian?

Most of the rations in the hut were the HDR's. They took the Tray Packs for use by folks in Osage Beach with large families and the community as a whole. On the subject of MRE's, I've eaten plenty of them, strictly by choice. Fellas like my friend FT like to make fun of them. Fine, when TSHTF, don't come looking for a handout. Properly stored, like perhaps in the basement that I don't have under my backyard patio, at an ambient temperature of 56° they will keep for 7 years or so and taste just as good/bad as they did when they were manufactured. Heat is the worst enemy of the MRE.

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With the cache completely empty, it was time to get to know their neighbors a little better. Starting out to getting to know them by distributing food wasn't a half bad start. It gave them a chance to get to know the people and a little of their backgrounds. This was important because they didn't really need many weapons from the military cache. They already had a fair number of their own and there had been more in their shelters, principally M14 semi-auto only rifles with ball and sporting ammo. The weapons in the shelters were used but well cared for. They were packed in Cosmoline so they must have come through a depot. Cosmoline is only used to pack weapons for long-term storage and is almost always applied at depots after they refurbish a weapon and prepare it for storage. By contrast, new weapons come from the manufacturer lightly oiled. Translation: Cosmoline = used.

They had plowed up all of the available land on their large lots for gardens. Over the course of the summer, they needed to: raise and harvest food; refill the propane tanks; and, harvest and split firewood. Providing heirloom seeds to people who needed them was very selfish of them. The people could grow their own food and produce their own seed for future use. The potato eyes grew just fine; it was only a potato, not rocket science. Their shelters contained canning jars, lids and pressure cookers, allowing them to preserve food for the following winter. There were Wal-Mart stores in the area including one in Osage Beach, plus others in Eldon, Versailles, Camdenton, Lebanon, Waynesville, Buffalo, St. Robert, Warsaw and Jefferson City. They got more jars, lids and clothing. The only other things they needed were perhaps additional coffee and things they couldn't grow themselves (toilet paper, feminine supplies). They didn't really need much else.

Some people in Osage Beach came to see the four families as friends and benefactors. Others apparently thought that they were the Salvation Army, coming with handouts.

They weren't the latter and only unintentionally the former. There is safety in numbers and once they got to know who was who, they distributed the military weapons to people who would work together to protect Osage Beach and the surrounding area.

Osage Beach had a population close to 4,000. The median age was about 44 and the population was 97%+ white. There were approximately 1,700 occupied housing units in the town. As a whole, the population of Camden County was about 40,000, as of the 2000 census. That might be the latest information we ever have, you know. One of the local residents offered to harvest deadfall timber, split it, deliver and stack it. What he wanted in exchange was a chainsaw, oil, spare parts and gasoline. Jack and Bruce lent him two chain saws and told him that they needed wood for 4 homes. The gas was on them and if they could continue the arrangement, they would continue to provide gas and oil. They had started the previous winter with about 2-3 cords of wood. They told him they needed 5 cords per family and a deal was made, the first of many.

Sometimes Arkady and Vasily got things wrong as did Jack and Bruce. They were in Camden County and the nearest propane dealers were in Camdenton, not Camden, and Kaiser. You may recall Arkady saying, "I think the propane supplier is from Camden. It shouldn't be a problem. So Bruce and you have gold and silver too?" Or, possibly, Arkady just misspoke himself and didn't mean to say, "Don't include so much filler." (Hee-hee-hee, a dying – not dead – issue.) That's who told me that you know, a Russian Spy – 005¾.

It wasn't a problem getting propane, as long as they had gold and were willing to pay double the price before the balloon went up. They got the tanks refilled and installed the solar panels, sharply dropping their propane usage. They serviced everything and got it ready to run the next time. The generators, 30kw units, had self-exercisers on computerized timers, set to run the units for 30 minutes, once per month. The Agency went first class, excluding airplanes, except when their cover required it. The good old days... Tax auditors always went 4th class, parcel post book rate.

There were enough solar panels, gel cells, inverters, brackets and etc. to provide Arkady and Vasily with full sets and still give almost a full double set to the community of Osage Beach. They kept 4 spare panels in case they had a problem. Each of the 4 families had 10,400-amp hours of storage cells, e.g. 52 200-amp hour gel cells. The inverters were 12-volt inverters.

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Set down your coffee and swallow, just in case...

Who didn't like Agent 99? She's single you know, born in 1932. Anne Bancroft, Mel Brook's wife died. She was the lady senator in *G. I. Jane*, a despicable role. I don't mind Bush's forgiving Africa's debt – so long as we don't lend them any more money. But part of the deal is giving them 8 billion a year more. Have you read *Don Quixote de Palmdale*? It's a riot; it also violates the Geneva Convention and I'm calling Amnesty

International to complain, again. When I complained about the prisoners at Gitmo and Abu Grabass getting a free ride, they ignored me. I thought those religious books of theirs were Sears catalogs and this was the outhouse, silly me. According to an ABC poll, Bush's ratings are at an all-time low and the Democrats don't do much better. Screw it, bring the troops home and let the ragheads have their civil war. They're going to have anyway, whenever we leave; let's just get it over. The Jackson jury is in its Nth day of deliberations and they haven't asked the judge to clarify anything or for additional information. They're most likely hung. There is a downside to being a fatalistic cynic.

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Having two pregnant women on their hands didn't make it any easier for Vasily and Arkady; they had to weed the garden, harvest the veggies and try to can. After a couple of disasters, Cindy and Mona pitched in to help out, what are friends for? Jack tried to explain to Arkady that barefoot in the winter and pregnant in the summer was only an expression, not an American custom. Arkady explained to Jack that the expression was invented by a Russian and it certainly worked well in Russia.

The man who was getting their firewood for use of the chainsaw, gas and oil told them if they would let him keep the chainsaws, he would see to it that they never ran out of firewood again. Of course, that included the gas and oil. They didn't tell him that there were two more chainsaws in the shelter storeroom. As far as Osage Beach went, it was a tight little community. Many of the residents were transplants from further north that had retired and moved to the area to enjoy the fishing. Moreover, many were veterans of one American conflict or another. The older guys knew the Garand rifle, some middle aged men were familiar with the M14 and the younger people knew the M16. They didn't have any Garand rifles but an M14 is nothing more than a modification to the basic design by John Garand anyway.

◦

Here is a brief history of the development of the M14 from the M1:

The experience gained by US troops during the Second World War showed that the M1 Garand rifle has a lot of things to be improved. The first was the feeding system with 8-round en-bloc clips that does not allowed the refilling of the partially full magazine. Others were excessive length and weight of the rifle. The cartridge used in M1 Garand and known as .30-06 (7.62x63mm) was too long and too heavy, effectively limiting the load of ammunition carried by each soldier. First attempts to improve M1 were made during the war, and numerous experimental modifications in .30-06 were built, mostly using the 20-round detachable magazines from Browning BAR M1918 automatic rifle.

One of such prototypes was the T20 (T means test) of 1944. T20 was basically the M1 Garand rifle fitted with 20-round BAR magazine and with selective fire capability. This prototype latter evolved into the T37 rifle, which had gas cylinder moved back a little and was chambered for newest American prototype cartridge - T65. The T65 was no

more than a .30-06 case, shortened by ½ inch (12 mm), but retaining the original ballistic properties due to the modern propellants used. It was slightly lighter and cheaper to make than .30-06, and had long effective range and good potential for accuracy, both desired by US Army. The idea of truly intermediate round was not acceptable to the US Military at that period.

In the early 1950s T37 evolved into the T44 experimental rifle, which featured redesigned, self-regulated gas system with short stroke gas piston. Further development and tests lead to the slightly modified T44E4 and T44E5 (heavy barreled squad automatic weapon) prototypes, which were finally adopted by US Army as M14 and M15 rifles in the 1957. The M15, a heavy barreled weapon, however, was never brought into production. It must be noted that T44E4 was extensively tested against the only other entree in the US trials, the T48 rifle (Belgian FN FAL rifle made under license in USA by H&R Inc.). Both rifles passed the trials with equally high results, but US finally settled on the T44 because it was slightly lighter, similar to M1 Garand in manufacturing and operation, and, above all, a Native American design. Right, Garand was a Lakota...

They only made one major error in the design of the M14 rifle, IMHO. The Italians had designed a tri-comp for their modified box magazine Garand rifle (BM-59) and this device was never mated to the M14 rifle. The M14 rifle wasn't much lighter than the M1 rifle and neither was the 7.62x51mm ammo. This eventually led to the adoption of the selective fire AR15 rifle after the making the weapon more rugged. However, in an economy move, the military selected the wrong powder, failed to chrome the barrel and eliminated the forward assist. Still, of all the rifles used by the US military, the M16 rifle had the longest service record.

Then, if that weren't bad enough, the military adopted the Beretta 9mm 92FS model pistol, as its standard issue pistols. I like the M1 Garand, but I like the M14 better as a semi-auto weapon. Equipped with one of those Italian tri-comps, the M15 (SAW) would have performed better too, both as selective fire weapons. I have long claimed that the military is going to improve the infantry soldier right out of existence. I am only one of over 300 million people and while many may agree me, nobody listens to any of us.

Now they want a made by Mattel lightweight weapon with a short barrel and collapsible stock, the M4 carbine. The shorter the barrel, the lower the velocity of any round. The M4 is a POS. Marksmanship has been replaced by spray and pray and only the USMC makes any effort to try and make their troops real marksman. One of these days the US is going to be very sorry they've gone to the 5.56x45mm rifles and 9x19mm P pistols; again IMHO. From the looks of many modern soldiers, most could handle the old M1918 BAR and carry lots of ammo. The new soldiers seem to be big and buff. Even an FN FAL would be preferable to the M16. The rule seemed to be that if it worked, it was obsolete. The M14 worked fine in semi auto and it was only missing a single part to work well in full auto. It was still too heavy to lug around a jungle we didn't belong in. Sharon's brother Johnny, the jarhead, did 3 tours. "Who's on first?"

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Bruce was taking notes for section 3 of his book. The temperature didn't come anywhere near the average summer temperature for Osage Beach, according to long-time residents. It wasn't nearly as humid as normal, either. Bruce was speculating a long, cold, windy, dry winter. Occasionally even reporters get something right. Wait, being a reporter was only Bruce's day job, wasn't it? It seemed that the 8 spies were all retired anyway. And none of the papers were publishing, not in 2009. Maybe by the time the book was done, there would be book publishers and someone willing to publish it. Being 1 part adventure story and 3 parts unscientific study, it might not sell well. Not unless he spiced it up a little and added in the spy part. People like spy stories; Tom Clancy was a millionaire. He didn't know the correct designation for the MP5/10, but who cared? The weapon worked very well regardless of what it was called.

Speaking of which... The H&K USP Tactical was available in 9mm, .40S&W and .45ACP. Why didn't they make it in a full sized 10mm? Then, a fella could be a modern cowboy and only carry one size of ammo. You could do it now, but only in 9mm, a .38 short. That was worth a few pages and Bruce raised the question in part 5 of his book, the spy part. The book began to take on a life of its own, but like Jack had said, it kept Bruce out from underfoot.

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"If we only hit one of those supply caches every year, we'll have enough supplies to last us the rest of our lives," Jack pointed out. "Besides, what would we need with many more weapons? There hasn't been much trouble since the balloon went up. Maybe a little looting, but one would expect that."

"It hasn't been long enough for things to really go to hell," Arkady pointed out. "Last winter people couldn't move about. If Bruce is right and this winter is dry, that could all change."

"Well then, any suggestions?"

"Does the inventory of any of those caches show any heavier firepower?"

"None of them have tanks or artillery, no. There is one over in Kansas near Topeka that has more heavy machine guns including Mk 19's. It would appear that it is in an abandoned missile silo."

"The Mk-19, is the Kalashnikov based grenade launcher right?" Vasily asked.

"Invented by a Russian? Not hardly, but it is a grenade launching machine gun, yes."

"That's one kick ass gun," Bruce smirked. "According to this list, there are also 6 of the 60kw, diesel powered, trailer mounted auxiliary generators, the TQG's." (The Tactical

Quiet Generators – TQGs – are the latest generation of military generators for use by the Armed Forces.)

“Osage Beach could use those; it would give them over 1/3 mw of power.”

“Let’s take some of the townspeople and the available semi tractor-trailers and clean the place out in a single trip.”

“Good idea. You’re the diplomat Bruce, go have a talk with the Mayor.”

The Topeka cache contained 4 Mk 19 machine guns, 2 M2HB’s, 4 M240B’s, 8 M249’s, 2 M224’s, 8 not 6 (typo?) of the 60kw TQG’s, MRE’s, Tray Packs, HDR’s and M16A2’s without the M203’s and lots of ammo for everything. The weapons were all packed in Cosmoline and there were pails of Cosmoline remover. It also contained stabilized fuel in the missile fuel tank, lots of JP-8. Beginning in the late 20th and into the 21st Century, the US military began using JP-8 in most of its multi-fuel vehicles. That just sounds like a smart move to me, it must have been thought up by a civilian. As I said, if it worked, it was probably obsolete.

They got the silo doors open by pushing a button labeled, “Open Silo Doors”. That started the permanent standby generator and what, a hydraulic pump or something? Don’t ask me, I wasn’t in the SAC. It took the winch on a tow truck to lift the generators out of the missile silo. They would have to locate some empty fuel tankers to haul the fuel. The permanently installed standby generator also powered a high capacity pump to pump the fuel from the missile fuel tank. Kansas City had, indeed, been nuked and they bypassed the city on their way to Topeka. Why look for trouble? The whole idea of a trip to the second cache was to be ready if trouble came looking for them.

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Dear President Putin,

My wife and I bought a refurbished Atlas missile silo in upstate New York and have turned it into our home. We thought it only prudent to close the silo doors. Please don’t target our home. Just because the silo is closed doesn’t mean we have a missile, the government refused to sell me one. And, even if they did, I couldn’t afford the fuel, have you seen the price of fuel lately? Let me tell you... \$50 to top off my H1 Alpha Hummer.

Sincerely,

Mr. & Mrs. John Q. Public

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It seems there is a downside to everything, huh? It sounds to me like Mr. & Mrs. Public are ready for WW III; are you? Get some heirloom seeds; the varieties that grow in the northern climes... don't forget to save those potato eyes.

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I'm stopping this chapter for a moment to only talk about personal stuff. My kid and I had a long talk last night about our moving to Flippin. He's actually doing a rent-to-own in Gassville, about ½ way between Mountain Home and Flippin. He told me that the money we could clear on our home in Palmdale, after commission, etc. would be enough to buy a home for cash in Mountain Home. It turns out that my in-laws are mostly a bunch of ridge runners and I was assured that there probably wasn't any weapon I wanted that I couldn't find, excluding a 40mm grenade launcher.

He called to get information to fill out the papers for his Secret security clearance. Apparently they won't send you to Iraq unless you have a Secret clearance. That makes sense, after Abu Grabass. Now, if they'd just send those dang embedded reporters' home... and take away all of the soldiers' cameras. Anyway, if he doesn't get the clearance, he can't go. That really breaks my heart. He's not perfect, but he's the best one of the bunch.

Now, I have a question myself. The characters in this story are pretty well off in terms of their ability to survive. They've recovered enough weapons to equip Osage Beach and they have solar power, a huge supply of fuel, and thousands of trees that can be cut down for firewood. I can stop the story here or continue it

TEOTWAWKI, Too! – Part II – Mountain Home – Chapter 1 – Moved

In May of 2005, in a Galaxy, far, far away... (Not)

After much consideration and discussion, Gary had persuaded Sharon that they should sell the house in Palmdale and move to Mountain Home, Arkansas. It meant leaving Ron and Clarence in Palmdale to fend for themselves, but hey, the Republik of Kalifornia could get along just fine without them. With the cost of living being what it was in Palmdale, they could barely afford gas for the worn out Buick Skylark. They couldn't even afford to repair the air conditioner.

When it was said and done, they had just enough money to pay for the move and buy a new home but didn't have a lot left over for very much else. They moved the oak furniture and junked the stuff in the living room and the box springs and mattress. Replacing those few items basically left them broke, as in flat. However, Derek had been right, their cost of living was very much lower, and the former house payment of almost \$600 a month was found money. As in \$300 apiece per month, found money. Having written numerous stories, Gary had a pretty good idea what he wanted to spend his money on – guns, ammo and survival preparations.

In the last story he'd written, he'd discussed the M1 Garand rifle and the development of the M14 rifle. It was time to take his-own advice. Taking that advice would prove to be very difficult, but there was no other way. Every month he took his \$300 allowance and socked it away. All except for about \$70, which, he put in the hands of a company, named Reese Surplus, Inc. to buy a single BM 59 Tricompensator-muzzle break-flash hider for \$59 plus shipping. The M1A Loaded model rifle wasn't really that far in his future. However, what was the point of having a M1A rifle and a BM 59 Tricompensator-muzzle break-flash hider? What he really wanted was an M14 rifle to test his theory that with the gadget off the Beretta rifle, the M14 was the perfect rifle.

Mary started introducing us to her kin, a few at a time. These people didn't much take to outsiders, especially someone who talked like a Yankee. After he'd gotten to know a few of them in the summer of 2005, Gary showed up at the Independence Day family picnic with the Beretta Tri-comp. Discussing his desire to create a rifle unlike any he was aware of ended up getting Gary a lecture from one of those ridge runners who was anything but illiterate. He told Gary:

“Since 1971, US commercial manufacturers have produced more than 230,000 M14 type rifles. Most commercial manufactured M14 type rifles are very similar to the US Rifle, 7.62mm, M14 except that they are not select fire. The exceptions are an estimated 1000 to 2000, built by Smith Enterprise and Springfield Armory, Inc., select fire rifles produced prior to May 19, 1986. Forty-eight USGI M14 rifles were registered prior to the end of the 1968 Gun Control Act amnesty and are in the hands of American civilians. In the United States, the May 1986 ban ceased production of select fire M14 type rifles. Civilians may own select fire M14 type rifles in the USA as long as federal, state and local laws are complied with. US Government Issue (USGI) M14 rifles have been ex-

ported to New Zealand and Canada from Israel for sale to private owners. There are surplus USGI M14 rifles also available for sale in the Netherlands. Undoubtedly, a small number of M14 rifles remain in the Democratic Republic of Vietnam. Translation: There were select fire M-14 rifles around the world that hadn't been destroyed. Hot dang. What's more, in the state of Arkansas:

A machine gun is defined as "a weapon of any description by whatever name known, loaded or unloaded from which more than five shots or bullets may be rapidly, or automatically, or semi-automatically discharged from a magazine, by a single function of the firing device." Machine guns must be registered with the Secretary of State, in addition to being registered under Federal Law.

Under federal law, you could only legally own an automatic weapon that was on the NFR as of May 19, 1986. Therein lay the problem. People who had them didn't want to sell them for anything like a reasonable price.

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I say: I think that the federal government's power was restricted by the 10th Amendment and they derive their criminal powers from either treason or the Interstate Commerce Clause. I disagree on the Court's decision even though I'm against smoking pot. Those Justices are federal employees, sworn to defend and uphold the Constitution. They ought to do it.

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Isn't this just the best place to live in the whole wide world? Gary and Sharon moved to Mountain Home, Arkansas in June of 2005. They were barely settled in the new home and didn't even have the boxes unpacked when a bunch of terrorists blew up Yellowstone and Long Valley caldera on July 5, 2005, Lorrie's birthday. What a revolting development that was. And then, a neighbor comes screaming, "Turn on the radio, it's the end of the world." I'm not God, but the world doesn't have my permission to end, just yet. I had intended on starting another story, but the title (*Mountain Home*) was already taken. I'm flexible. Watch me try and integrate the new story with my previous story. If you think about it, you already know how that will happen.

"I hate pinto beans."

"Then cook the great northern beans."

"I hate beans and rice, period."

"Well, you try and buy enough food to live on for 30 days with only \$25. The beans are still good; I remember when I bought them, 9/11/01."

"Are they buggy?"

“How should I know? Sort through them or just use them the way they are for the extra protein. Soak them overnight and it won’t take so long to cook them. I’m glad I bought all of those large plastic jars of chili powder and dried onion. We can have chili and rice.”

“That’s going to get boring, very quick.”

“Make some cornbread; you know how much I hate it. That way you’ll get even. And don’t forget to put a can of diced tomatoes in the chili.” (Except for a break, we’ve been married since 1976. Sounds like it, doesn’t it?)

“What are we going to use for lights? How am I going to cook anything without electricity?”

“There are 6 2-gallons jugs of kerosene and 5 lamps. There are 6 1-gallon cans of Coleman fuel for our camp stove. If we have to, we can get some wood and start a fire in the fireplace. If you hadn’t gotten rid of all of my cast iron, we’d be a lot better off.”

“Spilt milk. I didn’t expect you back.”

“Why not? You’re the one who told me she was a hussy and would dump me when she was tired of me. She did and didn’t even bother to tell me about it. She just started going out with that neighbor of ours.”

“And you went and found another one.”

“Right with a single digit IQ. She kept pulling up her shirt and showing me her chest but wouldn’t let me touch it.”

“Your picker never was any good.”

“I picked you.”

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It shut her up for the moment, anyway. Damon was MIA, again. DJ was with his grandparents in Missouri and Derek was at Ft. Lewis, Washington taking training so he could go to Iraq and get his butt shot off. While they were in Flippin on the 4th of July, they took the Iowa checkbook, went to Wal-Mart and bought a 3kw generator to keep the refrigerator going, just in case. We hadn’t bought a freezer, yet. We had 7 5-gallon gas cans and 25-gallons of gas. Sharon picked up a few things and Gary stocked up on Grape Nuts and powdered milk, just in case.

“Mary we’re going back to Mountain Home. If you need anything, let us know.”

“See you later, thanks for coming.”

“Did you remember to take your insulin?”

“I took it this morning. It will be time to take it again before I go to bed.”

“You should watch your schedule better.”

“I take it one time sometime after I get up and one time sometime before I go to bed. What’s wrong with that schedule? The only time you want to fix breakfast is when you’re hungry. If you didn’t get hungry, the bacon would grow mold before it got used.”

“I resent that, I fix pancakes.”

“Very good for a diabetic. Especially with the Aunt Jemima syrup.”

“You’d be better off if you quit smoking.”

“I’ll quit when I run out of cigarettes.”

“That’s what you always say.”

“And the first of every month you come and ask me how many cartons I want for this month.”

“Don’t be flip.”

“Flip? FLIP? I can barely walk. Slow down, you’re up to 15mph. You’re not used to driving THAT fast.”

I have a pet and his name is Peeve. You just got to meet him and some of his friends. We moved 2,000# of cloth for making quilts. I anticipate that Sharon will run out in 2525. We also have enough yarn to crochet an afghan the size of Rhode Island. But she now has carpal tunnel syndrome.

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We could have been worse off. We had 5 5-packs of toilet paper (150 rolls), 12 cans of Folgers, and I had worked myself up to 10 cartons of cigarettes, 5 that Sharon had just purchased and 5 she didn’t know about. We had just filled all of our prescriptions and except for Amaryl and Diovan, I had a 60-day supply of everything. Sharon was good for 45-days, maybe 60. I had an extra box of .32ACP in case a bird attacked me. So, I turned on the TV to CNN and watched Wolf Blitzer tell us that it was the end of the world because 3 atom bombs had been detonated in Yellowstone and 2 in the Resurgent Dome in Long Valley Caldera. Neither of the Calderas had erupted, yet. The Threat Level was a Red, now, and the country was at DEFCON 2. The last time that

happened when during the Cuban Missile Crisis. Wait, there's something new... Biological and chemical weapons were released in Nebraska sometime after the nukes in the area of North Platt along I-80. (Feel free to disregard the part where I said we didn't feel much in Palmdale in Part I of this story, I was confused, as usual.)

"Dang it, there go the lights. Do you think I dare fire up the generator to run the TV so we will know what is going on?"

"We can always buy more gas."

"Are you sure?"

"No."

I fired it up and ran extensions to the TV and to the refrigerator. I had 2 of the 100' cords I'd moved from Palmdale. We used them for our electric weed eater and electric hedge trimmer. We didn't eat weeds. Come to think of it, we didn't use the weed eater very much either or trim the hedge. Eventually, the calderas both blew their tops. CNN said that initial estimates suggested that Yellowstone would go 2,000km³ and that Long Valley could go as high as 750km³. It isn't a good idea to run a computer from a generator, or so I'm told.

Eventually, I couldn't stand it and sometime later when I had the generator running for the refrigerator, I took a chance. The Internet was up, Praise God. I checked CNN, the LA Times and then the Washington Times, just to get a balanced viewpoint. I found an interesting article:

Fleeing From Terror
By Bruce Jenkins

Some story about a former FOX Reporter who was going to Yellowstone to narrate a special for National Geographic; and, I can't say that I ever heard of the guy or saw him on FOX.

Hell I might as well listen to CNN instead. Wolf said that the estimate of 2,000km³ of ash from the eruption of Yellowstone seemed accurate; according to the USGS. They'd missed the mark on Long Valley; it had only put out 600km³, rather than the projected 750km³. What I wanted to know was why Bush had shut down the nuclear power plants. Gas was getting high enough in price that I began to believe we were back in Kalifornia.

Well, so much for saving \$300 each a month. We were going to be saving a lot more than that with no electricity to pay for. Every once in a while I brought up the bank in Charles City on the Internet and had Sharon check the balance. Now that was good and getting better. They had much of the trust fund invested in government bonds and the remainder in some blue chip stocks that always paid their dividends on time, no matter what. I checked the local bank about my Social Security. It, my Iowa pension and Sha-

ron's Disney pension were all there. Understand, we didn't have any lights, but we had money. Considering the price of gas, we were going to need it.

There wasn't much food in the stores either, but we could buy enough of this and that to get by. I'll have to admit, I'm not partial to this and that; but what could we do? I bought 3 cords of firewood because the furnace didn't work without electricity and I couldn't run that pipsqueak 3kw generator all of the time. We didn't need to use the camp stove because we had natural gas. We just had to use a match to light the burners. It was just like before they started putting computer chips in stoves. This wasn't the time to be looking for a standby residential generator either.

At least we weren't fighting anymore. The silence was deafening. That's what we do when we don't fight; we don't talk to each other for long periods at a time. We don't really fight very often either, come to think of it. Whenever the last one was, I'm sure I lost. I didn't realize that I sort of read lips. Unless I'm looking at a person, I don't usually understand what they are saying. That has its good points and its bad points, let me tell you. The lights came back on October 31st. We had gone without power from July 5th, or thereabouts, until October 31st. With no electricity to pay for, we had managed to accumulate a fair amount of money. Not enough so I could go to Israel and buy an M14, but enough that I could get on a waiting list for a standby residential generator.

The one I really liked was the Koehler 35RZG-RES propane fueled with the 1800rpm engine. It put out 142 amps at 240v. It wasn't cheap but we'd been without lights for 4 months. I ordered it and hoped to hell we could pay for it. I didn't give a dang about the noise, I just wanted electricity when TSHTF again. It would, you know, this stuff happens in 3's.

Say did you see that story on TV? George W. Bush bombed Saudi Arabia. They have a big to do going about it in the Congress. They're also saying that we moved the B-2 bombers to Saudi Arabia, except they're calling it Arabia now. What the hell, the price of gas is coming down, way down, and everyone knows that Saudi Arabia was behind most of the terrorism anyway. I'm not losing any sleep over it.

It was a tough winter. Plus it was cold as hell with lots of snow in the beginning. I didn't figure that would last because I'd been studying the abrupt climate change thing. I had a copy of the scenario on my computer in a pdf file. It's all tucked away in its own subdirectory. If my HDD ever crashes, I'm a dead man. My whole life is on that my computer. We didn't have any trouble paying for the generator because it was June of 2006 before they could install it and it was COD with freight due whether we accepted the genset or not.

We put in the automatic transfer switch and the whole nine yards. Got the propane company to put in a 3,300-gallon tank, it wasn't enough, but it was a start. Sharon was actually happy about the standby generator. I wouldn't let her run her sewing machines on the 3kw generator. Of course we had a little money left over. She goes to Sears and buys a 25ft³ chest freezer. Then she proceeds to fill it. I would have been happy with

macaroni and cheese or chili and rice, but she buys steaks, roasts... come to think of it, she bought the whole dang cow and a pig and 2 cases of chickens. I was happy she only bought one hog.

The next thing you know there's another stink, this time in the United Nations. It seems that someone nuked Iran. I knew that it had to be us, the US. Hell no, it wasn't us. Russia said that they'd been watching the US and the B-2 bombers that took off from Arabia had gone to Diego Garcia. Russia was blaming the Israelis and they weren't talking. To do so, they would have had to deny or admit they had nuclear weapons. The whole darned world knew they had them at Dimona, but they had 'No Comment'.

So here we are in Mountain Home, Arkansas and Derek is in Iraq attempting suicide and I have the tri-comp but no darned M14. Or, shotgun. Or, .22 rifle. Or, M1911. I'm feeling about as naked as those dancers in Las Vegas in some of those shows. Anyway, Mary and Elizabeth and Josh are over visiting with grandpa and grandma and I'm complaining how life just doesn't seem fair somehow. So Mary says, "Come with me Grandpa and we'll go out to the car. She opened the trunk and handed me a box. I looked inside and there must have been 30 or more of those 20-round M14 magazines and when I looked and they were all USGI magazines. That put me closer. Then she moved a blanket revealing a rifle case. Well now, I was about ready to cream my jeans and she opened the case and guess what? One genuine USGI select fire M14 rifle, that's what. (She got it from a cousin for \$400.) I didn't know whether to drop the magazines and kiss her or what to do besides stammer. So I said, "thanks."

That rifle didn't have the BM59 tri-comp mounted 'cause it couldn't be done! Look out you Ruskies or MZB's or whoever you are, the Tired Old Man has a select fire M14 rifle with a whole bunch of magazines. No ammo and no bayonet, but I had gone from the 99 yard line to the 1 yard line and it was first down and 1-yard to go. Christmas had come very early in 2006. Like around late June.

Did you ever eat just ONE potato chip? Sharon had that freezer stocked and was putting up extra coffee and food and we had a 35kw generator and 3,000-gallons of propane to run it on. So, before I did one other thing, I went to the house and installed my spare 60 Gb drive in my tired old computer and formatted it in the same format as my other drive (NTFS) and copied all of my files to the new drive. Then, I took out the new drive and put it in its box and put it up. It just didn't seem to me that something bad couldn't help but come now that so much good had come our way. The time to strike is while the iron is hot.

"Say, honey could we talk for a minute?"

"What now?"

"Since I got my Christmas present early, could I get some ammo?"

"I don't see why not, what do you need, 3 or 4 boxes?"

“Well, I was thinking more on the order of 5 boxes, would that be too many?”

“I don’t suppose so. What’s the difference, 4 boxes or 5? Go ahead and get some.”

“You’re sure 5 boxes won’t be too much? How are we on money?”

“We’re in pretty good shape for a change. Everything is paid for and we have \$5,000 in the Iowa account. Why?”

“The ammo is \$239 a box, delivered to our door.”

“WHAT! How much ammo in a box?”

“1,000-rounds of Lake City manufactured ammo.”

“I thought you were talking about some 20 or 50-round boxes.”

“Well, I can get some old Argentinean surplus for \$260 for 1,600-rounds but it is 25 years old.”

“When was this stuff manufactured?”

“According to Ammoman, this year.”

“It will have to be your Christmas present.”

“That’s great, I don’t mind.” (She always forgets by Christmas anyway.)

“Well I said you could have 5 boxes, BUT don’t be looking for any more ammo for that new rifle of yours.”

“Thanks, Sharon, I wouldn’t think of it.” (In a pig’s eye.) “By the way, I’ve notice that I’m smoking a little more these days, would you start buying me 6 cartons a month instead of 5?” (Actually, I’d cut down to 1 carton a week, on average.)

“Smoking is going to kill you.”

“Ok, I’ll try to cut back.”

“See that you do. Ok, 6 cartons a month.”

During the 4-month power outage, I’d been able to get 5 cartons a month because not so many smoke Kool’s Super Longs 100’s cigarettes. I actually had gotten myself up to 10 cartons, all locked up in my office supply cabinet. She presumed that I must be out and the next day came home with 6 cartons. It would have been rude of me to correct

her, wouldn't it? It doesn't pay to be rude to one's wife. I hurried up and called Eric before she changed her mind on the ammo. Another thing I had on my computer was a pdf file with complete instructions on how to dismantle and clean an M14 rifle. I'm not a bad person but sometimes sneaky works very, very well.

I got the ammo, checked it over and loaded it into those 5-round stripper clips and then packed it into 30 caliber used ammo cans with a couple of desiccant packs per can. My next project was the shotgun. I looked around and found a darned good used Mossberg 590A1 riot gun with a 20" cylinder barrel, and bought it out of my \$300 a month allowance savings. Next, I went looking for a good used Colt M1911 that might look a little rough but was in good mechanical condition. I found one that only needed a new barrel and barrel bushing a couple of months later.

As long as I stayed within the \$300 a month allowance, I didn't really have to explain anything to the wife. Because it had taken 2 months, I had enough money to buy the pistol, a new surplus barrel and a barrel bushing plus a 10-pack of 7 round magazines from Eric. Three down and one to go. I blew the \$300 on her and the family for Christmas 2006. Now, if Rule 1 is *Never Lie*, Rule 2 might be *Never Over Explain*. Always tell the truth, it avoids having to remember which lie you told to whom. Perhaps Rule 3 is never answer a question unless it gets asked. They taught that to us in basic training in the form of *Never Volunteer*.

For Christmas, she bought me a Ruger 10/22, not my favorite but any port in a storm. In January 2007, I bought 250 rounds of 15-pellet 3" 00 buckshot, 250 rounds of Brenneke 3" slugs and 250 rounds of .45ACP. Before ya'll get too mean with me, remember one thing. All of the household income except for \$300 a month came from my trust fund, my Social Security and my Iowa pension. Sharon's Disney pension was a little over \$300 a month. She was keeping her pension checks and everything else came out of my income so I didn't have an overly guilty conscience. I bought her that Dell Pentium IV with the 2.66Ghz processor; I bought the sewing machines, etc.; and I paid for 2,000 pounds of quilting cloth, or my income did. I didn't mind as long as I got my prescriptions, cigarettes and a little macaroni and cheese once in a while. In February, I bought 20 bricks of .22LR ammo and 3 spare 10-round magazines for the 10/22.

I had what I wanted and we were saving money again. When I had the chance, I'd buy more ammo, a roll of silver dimes or something, just to improve our survival situation. I wanted to die when I was supposed to, not when some guy with an ICBM or whatever decided my number was up. The house had a basement so I took the time and reinforced the ceiling with a triple layer of that OSB they use on roofs, lots of those adjustable steel posts and three layers of solid concrete blocks. It took me the entire winter of 2006-2007 and it was a long winter.

I was very careful and took my time. Concrete blocks are 7" thick so that means that the overhead was 21" of concrete. Derek was back from Iraq and he helped me; otherwise I'd probably still be working on it. I supported the sheeting (OSB) with 2"x6" lumber on 12" centers, what did I know about supporting that much weight? The 2'x6' joists were

supported by a triple laminated beam made up of 3 2"x12" planks. The ceiling was a little low, but Sharon and I are only 5' 5", or less. I added a few items to her grocery list too, like flashlight batteries, etc. Funny, I never heard what a bad idea that little 3kw generator had been. We did the lost prescription bit that we'd pulled on Dr. J back when we lived in Palmdale and were also accumulating a little extra prescription medication. One set of prescriptions from Wal-Mart and one set from Walgreen's. Plus each Rx was for a 60-day supply of each drug.

And, even after all of that, I had money left over out of my allowance every month. Not a lot, but some. It turned out that Mary had bought 3 of those M14 rifles, she had been in the Army too, but you knew that. Her cousin had a whole case that had *fallen off a truck*. All the kids needed were those tri-comps fitted to their select fire M14 rifles. For Christmas of 2007, I gave Derek some Lake City surplus 7.62x51mm ammo, plus my used 870 riot gun and Mary my 10/22. They now needed ammo, but there were birthdays. The basement looked more like a storeroom than a basement to be perfectly honest. Except for some kind of blast door and an air filtration system with high capacity blast valves, our shelter was complete. We had our own septic tank and our own well and one of those cute little water pumps with that tank with the bladder.

I told Derek to buy the .22LR bricks from Wal-Mart and that I'd order him some of the Argentinean surplus the next time I ordered another case of 7.62 to bring my supply back up to 5,000 rounds. I also told him that he'd better plan on getting a couple of M1911's, ammo and extra mags. He dragged home some discarded ALICE gear and we got it repaired. Touchdown. One point extra conversion. The 870 was replaced with that 590A1 and the 10/22 with a used 9422 in .22LR.

Dang, now Syria was gone and Putin told everyone that the US didn't do it this time either. I was starting to get nervous and was taking the 3 Xanax a day, as prescribed. I bought some Potassium Iodate and that package deal from Radmeters4U. Since I needed to buy the kid a survey meter too, I popped for 2 of the deals that they sold and added a few extra dosimeters and one CD V-717. I also helped the kid do his basement by handing him the blocks. One of Mary's many relations fashioned blast doors using 4 laminated 3/4" steel plates and we were down to filtering the air. Plus another 3,000-gallons of propane was high on my list. We got worn but functional electric kitchen stoves, one for each family's basement. We got used electric heaters to heat the shelters. Finally a pair of government surplus blast valve/air filter systems came on the market and the shelters were done. It was the 4th of July 2008.

TEOTWAWKI, Too! – Part II – Mountain Home – Chapter 2 – I'll Be Damned

Probably. An irreverent look at a survival situation? Maybe, maybe not. Class III violation? The Bill of Rights says I have the right to keep and bear arms. It doesn't say, except for... It doesn't say they have to be registered... I'm a strict constructionist, not a subversive. I really do believe in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. I wish others felt the same, like the Supreme Court for example! I may be crazy and senile, but I'm a well-educated crazy and senile old man. I learned to read and write in grade school. I don't speak any foreign languages, but the unofficial language of the US is American English, in most places, except the south. All of those illegal Méxicans in Kalifornia don't bother me now. As far as I'm concerned, we'll move Lorrie and Amy to Arkansas and México can have it back. Kalifornia's budget is probably more than México's GNP. Kalifornia's GSP is more than the GNP of more than 90% of the countries in the world. (Some gentlemen sent me lots of suggestions for my stories. I'll use some of them because they brought up many things I never thought of, very good ideas.)

Were we ready for the Big One? How can you ever be ready for something like that? We're pretty well prepared, but there is no such thing as being ready. The only way I could get another 3,000-gallons of propane was to buy my own tank. We bought a used 3,300 gallon tank from a scrap yard, got it repaired, safety valve replaced, painted and filled. Both tanks were mounted on slabs and strapped to the slabs like you'd strap a mobile home to the ground. If a tornado takes the tanks, it will have to take the slabs along too. Derek and Mary put in a wood stove and I gave him my 3kw generator and the extension cords. My Dad borrowed my splitting wedges 15-20 years ago and forgot to return them. He died in 2001, so I guess I'll have to buy some more. Never did get a new car, but we did get the air conditioner fixed. It only has 150,000 miles on the odometer; it's barely broken in. Our last trip in it will be to the junkyard, as always.

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You did know that I'm afraid of heights, right? More than 2 steps up a ladder and I get a nosebleed, my heart acts funny and I'm shaking so badly the ladder wobbles. (true story) A fella I knew in AA was trying out a new parachute. It didn't have the automatic safety release. So either he killed himself or he got ground fixation. Either way, he died. I love the movie line about the stupidity of jumping out of a perfectly good airplane. I used to have to get drunk to get on a commercial airline. Thanks for the suggestion, but no. You and the wife have fun. It's not that far from Mountain Home to Osage Beach, 155 miles. We didn't buy suppressors because we didn't care if 'they' heard us shoot 'them'. Those hillbillies say, "Well hey, y'all." Hay is the first stage of horse manure. I just say, say hey for me when you see them... American English, different dialect; it wasn't like having to learn a whole new language, almost. Did I miss any toes?

Fourth of July picnic, Flippin, 2008...

"Hey Bubba, howr yu?" (See I'm learning the language.)

“Cain’t complane, weren’t do no dang good anyhow. How yu be?”

“Middlin.”

“Same stuff, difn’t day?”

“Right.”

“Be sure and try the turnip greens, the missus fixed ‘em special.”

“Right.” (In the year 2525, if I’m still alive.)

Nice folks, actually. Plain spoken. Slow to warm to outsiders, especially Yankees. The more I started to sound like them, the more they accepted me. Did you ever notice how after a person spends a week in Texas he or she has a drawl? It’s some sort of infectious disease.

“Bubba, tell me sumthin. How did Gassville git its name? They eat a lot of beans or sumptin?”

“Doan rightly know. Har, har, I git it.” (Took you long enough.)

Every family has its Bubba. My Bubba is named Damon. One of these days, he’ll come rolling in on his Harley and want a cold bottle of beer. I’d love to say that I don’t miss a beer, but then I’d be lying. What I don’t miss is the hangovers, bloodshot eyes and upset stomach. And the reason I can’t remember what happened last night is because I’m getting old instead of it being another blackout. Did you ever have one of those? In actual fact, you get so drunk that your brain gets disgusted and turns off the tape recorder. That is the true, but unscientific, explanation, sort of. The memories are there, but not where your mental HDD file allocation table (FAT) says they are. If you really work at it, you might dredge them up, but why embarrass yourself?

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FEMA just announced that we should increase our stored food from a 3-day supply to a two-week supply. What in the hell is going on? And, if I adjust to a two-week supply, what am I going to do with the other 50 weeks’ worth? Something’s brewing, I can tell it. It’s a good thing that I bought Sharon a Mini-14, Butler Creek folding stock, flashhider, a dozen PMI 30 round mags and ordered 5,000-rounds of M193 from the Ammoman. She doesn’t like the looks of the ASSAULT RIFLE, as she calls it, always in a loud voice. That’s ok with me because I only said it was for her. Actually it was to replace the one I’d sold off years ago. I gave her the .32ACP and told her it was for when the birds attacked her, plus a good used Browning Hi-Power and surplus 13-round magazines

Anyway, since they said to buy more food, we bought more food and seeds and fertilizer. Plus extra kerosene, Coleman fuel, flashlight batteries and made certain that we had

all of the refills we could get on our prescriptions. They thought I was nuts wanting that many insulin syringes, but hey, I have a lot of those little bottles of Humalin. A six-pak of Humalin 70/30 runs about \$160.

“Dad. Derek.”

“What’s up kid?”

“I got a call from the Arkansas National Guard and we’re on Alert.”

“Why?”

“I think there is something going down.”

“Think? Hell I know there’s something going down. FEMA said we needed a 2-week supply of food. That’s about how long that we’d have to be in a shelter if the Ruskies nuked us. How are you guys on your preps?”

“Hey, I’ve got to go, Damon just pulled in on his Harley.”

“Call me back ASAP.”

“Sharon, call Amy and Lorrie and tell them to get their butts to Mountain Home. I think the crap is about to hit the fan.”

“They may not have gas money, Gary.”

“Wire them some; just get them here pronto. As in drive straight though, pronto. They’ve put the Arkansas National Guard on Alert.”

“I’ll call Linda and tell her to give them gas money.”

“How? I tried to call both Ron and Clarence last year and both of their phones were disconnected. I’m guessing that Linda’s dad died and she got her ½ million and they moved to Cedar Hill. If they did, they have an unlisted number. I have no idea where Clarence went, maybe back to Birmingham.”

“I’ll call Amy.”

“I’m going to Derek’s to see Damon.” (She must have forgotten I don’t have a driver’s license.)

“Don’t invite him for dinner.”

“I hadn’t planned to.”

Whatever Derek had in preps wouldn't be enough. Frankly I doubted that he had any money to do any more and Damon ate like a horse. It's just a good thing I gave Derek the used riot gun and Mary bought them 2 of the M14's. Damon actually likes a shotgun over a rifle. I think he has a sadistic streak, but I'm not really sure. The thing about the shotgun is that you're looking them in the eye when you pull the trigger. So anyway, I gave Derek all of my spare cash and told him to go buy food.

Damon and I got into it because he hadn't brought his kids. He said that they were getting big and he couldn't fit 3 of them in a sidecar, even if he had one. Well, there aren't any missile targets in Garner, Iowa so I let it go. Derek gave Mary all of the money and sent her to the Wal-Mart in Flippin. He stayed to referee Damon and me. Don't kid yourself, that Wal-Mart Super store in Flippin is smaller than either of the Wal-Mart stores in Palmdale or the two in Lancaster. I think Super means they sell guns or something. Wal-Mart doesn't sell guns in Kalifornia.

"So do you have a larger generator or are you limited to the 3kw unit I gave you?"

"Didn't have the money, Dad."

"How are you going to run the electric stove?"

"I hadn't gotten that far."

"Crap. You have 3,000-gallons of propane and no standby power system? We're going to Mountain Home and get you a 12kw Onan unit they have in stock. If the Guard activates you, you tell them you have 2 broken legs and a toothache."

When we got to Mountain Home, I wrote a check for over 5 grand and got him an RS 12000 and a 100-amp automatic transfer switch. On LP, the RS 12000 is rated at 92 amps at 120v so they would have enough electrical power. He got one of Mary's cousins to wire it in. I went home and called the bank in Charles City and told them there had been an emergency and I had to buy Derek an emergency generator. I also told Matt that Damon was at Derek's. He said the check overdrew the account, but he'd transfer in enough to cover it. I told him it would sure be nice if I had a generator, too. He said \$10,000, but not a penny more. I calculated the difference and cashed a check at the bank in exactly that amount. I didn't tell Matt that I didn't have a generator; I only told him it would be nice if I had a generator too.

The banker was married and had kids. Is it my fault I pulled the oldest scam there was on him and he didn't catch it? Hell no, and it's my money anyway. If TSHTF then what? Having all of that money in a trust fund in Iowa won't do us one dangd bit of good. It went against my principles to do that, but hey, Russia is going to attack us any day, right? We spent the extra money on food and other emergency supplies and I bought \$2,700 worth of silver dimes and quarters, about \$500 face value.

That was on July 23rd. On the 24th, Sharon checked the Iowa bank balance on the Internet and the jerk had deposited \$25,000. He may be a jerk, but right about then, I loved him. So, we went to the bank and cashed a check for 15 grand and bought \$10,000 more silver coins and Krugerrands. Then I drove (no driver's license mind you) to Gassville and laid half of the gold and silver on Derek, just in case. I told Derek half of the money was for his brother but he would have to manage it for him. Damon had borrowed Mary's car and gone to Garner to get the kids. I guess giving him hell was a good thing, after all. The girlfriend had stayed and was swilling beer at 11am on a Wednesday. Derek told me that the only booze in his basement shelter was a couple of bottles of hooch locked up in his gun safe. I took Damon's prescription bottles and went to see my doctor. I explained that the kid was crazy and I needed enough meds to tide him over for four months. He wrote the Rx's, I filled them and returned to Gassville and gave them to Derek. How would you like to spend 2 weeks or 100 days in a shelter with someone who is bi-polar and unmedicated?

When I got back to Mountain Home, Amy, Lorrie, David and all of the kids were there. I gave the other half of the gold and silver to the girls and told them it was their inheritance, for now. It looked like we would have to sleep in shifts in the basement if TSHTF. I guess that Arkansas doesn't have a waiting period on rifles, like Kalifornia does, so I took David to the store and I/we bought 5 used Mini-14s and all of the 5.56 ammo and large capacity magazines they had. Not enough ammo so we went to Wal-Mart and bought all of the 5.56 they'd sell us and then over to Flippin and bought all of the 5.56 ammo we could get until I ran out of cash. Anyway we ended up with 5 rifles, 30 magazines, and all of the ammo I could buy until the \$5,000 ran out.

All I can say at this point is that the crap had better hit the fan or I'm going to look mighty foolish. Not stupid, certainly, but foolish. David said that the most they could stay was until August 2nd. The next day Derek called to say that Damon had called and was southbound with his kids. I told Derek that I didn't have any more cash to give him for food, so they'd just have to make do. He told me that the relations had brought them a bunch of home canned food and they were in good shape. At full power the RS 12000 burned about 2.2 gallons of propane per hour. They were good for about 50 days at full power and 100 at a 25% load (1.1gph).

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My Kohler generator burned 187 ft³ per hour at full load and 91 ft³ per hour at 25% load. There are 36.39 ft³ in one gallon. Converted, it meant 5.13gph and 2.5gph. We had 5,400-gallons of propane or 2,160 hours at 25% power. That was exactly 90 days; we were in trouble. I called the dealer and pleaded, then begged. He finally caved in and brought me a 1,100-gallon tank and 1,000-gallons of additional propane, giving me 105 days at 25% power and 51 days at full power. I kissed the driver's hand, I was so grateful. The driver told me that if the dealer knew I had 2 3,000-gallon tanks already, he never would have given me the tank and 1,000 gallons. So, I told the driver that he could figure on delivering a refill in about 3-4 months because I expected burning every drop by then. He said he'd tell the owner and that would make everything ok.

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What I didn't know, couldn't know, probably because nobody had told me, was that the 2 3,000-gallon tanks were actually 3,300-gallon tanks and held 3,000-gallons net. I actually had 6,900-gallons of propane. I asked Sharon about it and she said she just paid the bill and never looked at the invoices. Had I known, I'd have still pleaded and begged. 6,000-gallons were just a little bit short.

"We're going to have for leave for California on Saturday," David announced. (8/2/08)

"Dang it, the crap is about to hit the fan any day. Are you sure you can't stay?"

"I'm out of vacation, Gary. Tomorrow will be my last day."

In the early morning hours, local time, of August 1, 2008, the Chinese Air Force began bombing and attacking Taiwan with cruise missiles to eliminate their defenses. 5am was the local time on August 1, 2008. Beijing is GMT +8 hours. Mountain Home is GMT -6 hours. It was DST, so make that GMT -5 hours; $5 + 8 = 13$ hours ahead of us. The Chinese attacked Taiwan at 4pm local time in Mountain Home on July 31, 2008. Now you know what they mean by *saved by the bell* when there isn't a boxing match going on.

"Dad. Derek. The United States is at DEFCON-1. I'm supposed to report to Fort Chaffee."

"You can't go."

"I have to go."

"Let me talk to Damon, please."

"What do you want now?"

"Listen kid. You knock Derek on the head or whatever it takes so he doesn't go to Fort Chaffee. Don't argue with him, because you can't take him. Just do it. By the time he gets out of the ropes you're going to use to tie him up, this whole thing will be over and he won't be able to go anywhere. Him going now is a crock. He can go later, if there is a Fort Chaffee to go to."

"I think we finally agree on something."

"Put him on the phone and I'll distract him so you can zap him."

"You can kiss my ass. Here, he wants to talk to you," Damon said, hopefully for Derek's benefit.

I heard the phone hit the floor. Damon picked it up.

“Ok, but you’re going to have to explain it to him later. Talk to your later.”

“Wait, let me talk to Mary.”

“What grandpa?”

“Derek can go get himself killed after the war if he wants. I told Damon to do that and you tell that lame-brained husband of yours that I told you to tell him. You don’t have a CD V-717 so you stay in that shelter until I come and knock on your door.”

“Thank you very much.”

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We stayed up and watched TV that night. I had all of the kids and anyone else who wanted to sleep, sleep in the basement. Along about midnight the EAS tone started to sound on the TV. I shut off the gas valve and pulled the main breaker, forcing the generator to come online. They emptied the refrigerator and Sharon went to the basement, turned on my TV and called Mary. About the time I was closing the door to the shelter, it occurred to me that I didn’t have any radios except for an AM/FM receiver. Dang. Screw it; I had a genuine M14. I could always get a radio, somewhere. If I couldn’t buy it, I most certainly could acquire it another way.

I told Lorrie and Amy they were disinherited and I wanted the gold and silver back. I did that right away while they were still unsettled over the end of the world. Any warhead that didn’t hit our little town wasn’t going to hurt us. The population of Mountain Home was on the cusp of 10,000. Gassville was even safer at 1,700. The ridge runners had their ridges to hide behind. I sat down with a regular full strength Coke Classic in one hand and a cigarette in the other to watch the war until the TV went offline. And then, I took 2 more Xanax and went to bed. The world was doing a pretty dang good job of killing itself without my help. It didn’t take long for the CD V-717 to go off scale, but I was asleep by then.

I was 65 years old on March 23, 2008. Sharon had turned 61 on February 12th. Between the two shelters, my entire family was protected. Charlene had died the previous year (2007) and Shirley earlier this year (2008). The only family that Sharon had left was her brother Johnny, somewhere in Colorado. I had been the last living member of my nuclear (immediate) family since 2001. I had a stepbrother in Waverly, Iowa, a niece in Des Moines and another niece somewhere on the east coast. None of them called me and I reciprocated. Sharon and Johnny had been close until he did 3 tours in Vietnam. He really got screwed up with Agent Orange and PTSD. That was perfect. He worked for the Post Office for a number of years. Surprised? Johnny was Postal before it became an expression.

The radiation level didn't come down as fast as I had hoped. I made a unilateral decision to stay 2,401 hours in total. The decision wasn't particularly popular, but I was wearing the M1911 and put a Masterlock padlock with a case hardened hasp on the door. The combination was 8428, the even digits in my Social Security Number, in order. There are some numbers you can never forget. I figured that everyone would have a go at 5030 and then give up. They were the last 4 digits of my phone number on the day I graduated from High School. I was right. They couldn't shoot me, I hadn't written the combination down, a fact that I mentioned every day. I'm a Patron member of the NRA and the expression *my cold dead hands* actually means something to me. BTW, the last 4 digits of Sharon's phone number on the day she graduated from High School were 5020.

o

On November 9, 2008 the CD V-717 wasn't registering hardly anything even on the lowest scale. I put on a pair of galoshes, an N-95 mask and headed out around 10am in the morning. I can't really tell you what I expected, maybe a coating of grit on everything. There was a little, very little. I checked around with the CD V-715 and went back and told everyone they could come out but to wear an N-95 mask and a freshly charged CD V-742 dosimeter. Most of the dosimeters were the CD V-742's (200R), but I had one of the 200mR devices (CD V-138) too. I wore both so I could get a measure of the radiation that the survey meters weren't showing.

After I checked the entire back yard, we let the dogs out, too. Would you have locked your dogs out? Don't answer that, I'm not asking. The radiation level is 0.1 (10%) in 7 hours, 0.01 (1%) in 49 hours, 0.001(0.1%) in 343 hours and 0.0001(0.001%) in 2,401 hours. We had hit about 600R because after 2,401 hours, the radiation level was 60mR per hour. Twenty-four hours a day for 120 days would result in a dose of 172.8R. Anything up to 300R in 120 was acceptable. Everyone was so happy they didn't have to go down below they wanted to have a picnic. I was a little leery. I told them that Audrey, Udell and Jeffrey would need to continue sleeping in the shelter until I said otherwise.

We obviously hadn't gotten any EMP because a little cranking and the car started. I got David to go with me carrying my M14 and my assault rifle, and we went to tell Derek and Mary that it was safe to come out. I checked to make sure, and then pounded on the door.

"Who is it?" David heard with his ear on the door.

"Casper the friendly ghost." I yelled. It wasn't any kind of password, but it was enough of a wiseass remark they'd know who it was. The door opened and Derek came out and punched me right in the mouth.

"You rotten SOB," he said.

"Relax, kid, Fort Chaffee is history."

“That’s not the point.”

“Yes. It is. If you want to go, go. I’m not stopping you now. I stopped you then because you had your head up your butt.”

Mary gave me a warm hug. Damon had a little bruising left on his cheek after the better part of 100 days. I’d have loved to have seen that fight.

“Are you sure about Fort Chaffee?”

“I heard it on the AM radio. You can’t get there anyway, they hit Little Rock.”

“That’s just about where I would have been.”

I didn’t expect him to thank me for saving his hind end. His father had kept him from trying to do his duty. Call it a draw, and forget it. Remind me not to po him off again, that hurt.

“Where are your dosimeters?”

“We forgot.”

“Charge them and wear them. Here’ my CD V-138. Charge it and wear it for an hour. Multiply the reading by 2,880 (24x120) and if it’s below 300 you’re ok. I recommend the small children sleep in the shelter at night. That includes Britney, Aaron and Eric.”

“You owe me,” Damon said.

“Your brother paid the debt.”

“He has a mean punch.”

“I noticed the bruise isn’t all gone.”

“Now what?”

“Someone has to go to Camdenton and get them to deliver both of us propane. That’s what the gold and silver is for. Figure \$2000 apiece for the Krugerrands and maybe \$143 for a roll of dimes. If they offer more, take more, but don’t go any lower than that. Krugerrands were worth \$427.50 before August 1st. I’m figuring a 450% inflation factor, minimum. One ounce of silver is one fiftieth of an ounce of gold or \$40 an ounce; a roll of junk dimes contains 3.575 ounces of silver times forty or \$143.”

“Krugerrands are one ounce of gold.”

“Get all you can, just don’t be unreasonable. And don’t let anyone push you around either. We’re going back to Mountain Home. I almost forgot where could we get some radios?”

“I only know of two, S & S Amateur Radio Supply – Cabot, Arkansas and RLS Electronics – Russellville, Arkansas. Cabot is near Little Rock. I think Russellville would be your best bet. We’re only 7 miles apart. Even a CB base station would do.”

“Radio Shack. There are stores in Mountain Home and Flippin.” I didn’t smack my head like FT’s characters always do. My mouth hurt enough. If we can’t get base stations, we’ll run them off a car battery or run them off a power supply. Base station antennas would be better, if we could get them. Wilson makes the best mobile CB antennas.”

“Cobras are the best radios,” Damon said. I guess if you want to know, ask a former trucker. I like the Uniden Presidential radios.

Damon said he’d ride his Harley to Camdenon. Derek said he’d go to Flippin and look for CB radios. I was going to the Radio Shack in Mountain Home. Buy if they were open. Otherwise... borrow. We would get together at my house in 2 hours.

o

There was no one in Camdenon at the propane place. Damon said it looked like the doors hadn’t been opened in quite a while. It was pretty dangd cold, too. Derek had 4 Cobra mobile radios, 2 base station antennas and 6 Wilson antennas with magnetic mounts. I had 2 Uniden radios and 2 power supplies to supply 13.8 volts to a mobile CB radio. We swapped some stuff and decided to go to Camdenon the next day and help ourselves like we did at Radio Shack. We’d use the Uniden radios as base stations and the Cobras in the vehicles. I needed a pickup in the worst way. We had extra mobile CB antennas, obviously. I guess that meant we needed 2 more mobile radios. I hadn’t looked in the back room at the Radio Shack. I told Damon to take care of that and we’d wait. He came back with 2 Wilson antennas and 4 cobra radios. I hate it when things don’t come out even.

I asked if he could find me a new diesel pickup. He wanted to know what color. I said any color club cab with a long bed. He still wanted to know what color. I told him brown or green. The new diesel pickup he found had 4wd, a long bed, auxiliary fuel tank and a winch lying in the back on the optional bed liner. It was RED. It also had the stickers on the windows and he had both sets of keys and full fuel tanks. I didn’t ask, I just said, “thanks.” So... what? I should leave it there and let somebody else borrow it? Damon got there first or nobody wanted to borrow a bright red pickup you could see in the dark, 8 miles away. He’d also borrowed some plates from another red pickup of the same brand. I asked that they should be back in the morning around 6am so someone could mount my CB radio in my brand new bright red pickup.

TEOTWAWKI, Too! – Part II – Mountain Home – Chapter 3– Carl Who?

“Sagan. Carl Sagan.”

“Who was he? 008?”

“Carl Sagan (1934 –1996) was an American astronomer and science popularizer. He pioneered exobiology and promoted the Search for ExtraTerrestrial Intelligence (SETI). He is world-famous for his popular science books and the television series *Cosmos*, which he co-wrote and presented. Sagan caused mixed reactions among other professional scientists. On the one hand, there was general support for his popularization of science, his efforts to increase scientific understanding among the general public, and his positions in favor of skepticism and against pseudoscience. On the other hand, there was some unease that the public would misunderstand some of the personal positions and interests that Sagan took as being part of the scientific consensus rather than his own personal views, and there was some unease, which some believe to have been motivated in part by professional jealousy, that scientific views contrary to those that Sagan took (such as on the severity of nuclear winter) were not being sufficiently presented to the public. He is very famous for his book, *The Nuclear Winter: The World After Nuclear War*. Sidgwick & Jackson, Carl Sagan et. al., 1985”

Nobody cared who Carl Sagan was, not in this crowd, at least. But, it sure was cold. Record lows were being recorded. They had snow, early on again, and it stopped sooner than when the calderas blew. Further north the snow lasted longer. Gary stopped trying to explain and told them to bundle up. Depending on how long the unusual weather lasted, they could have another winter of cold, possibly more. The following winter would be very dry. He didn't explain, why bother? Those that already knew what he was talking about didn't need the explanation and those who didn't know wouldn't believe. You can read about it at the spa.

*Now it's been ten thousand years
Man has cried a billion tears.
For what he never knew,
now man's reign is through.*

Not quite. Man still has 19,000 nuclear weapons left. The two most power countries in the world are still the two most powerful countries in the world. Many countries escaped the exchange. Why were the US and Russia still the two most powerful countries? Because they still had the most nuclear weapons in the world; that's why. The US still had almost 10,000 and the Russians had over 8,000. They could literally destroy the world, if they wanted to.

Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. – Lord Acton

We've all heard the quote before. There is a danger inherent in the kind of power that comes from having that kind of destructive power. The danger is that someone may

force you to use it. Theoretically the Congress could somehow manage to force the President to exercise the power against another country. Or, two. Or, three. Maybe they would only force him to use it once and he found out how easy and painless it was to eliminate an enemy. And it was just like eating peanuts...

They even made the movie, *Absolute Power* (1997) with Clint Eastwood and Gene Hackman. Hackman was the drunken President who killed a cheating wife he was schluping and someone saw him. And the USSS was sent after the witness. It was only a movie, wasn't it? Norma Jean Mortensen (Baker), found dead in her Brentwood home of a drug overdose, adjudged suicide. If you snuck in with a couple of Stealth bombers, nobody would even know you were there. If someone did know, a little back scratching here or there might smooth that over. Nah, it could never happen here. That's why we have freedom of the press, to keep things like that from happening. You spice it up with a little scandal at some FEMA camps that the President doesn't want coming out and the pile of crap gets a little deeper.

You end up having a secret trial under the auspices of the USA Patriot Act and some people end up in prison. Our fair-haired boys started out wanting to save the country from the duplicity of the Oval Office and DHS. They turned into whistle blowers and the President eventually had to get his Secretary, DHS to fall on his sword. There was nothing to directly link the White House to the developing story about the abuses and corruption in the FEMA camps. The whole thing blew over and our heroes were in tight with the DCI and he was covering their asses. Congress tried to investigate but they were up to their neck in the bombing of Saudi Arabia. Somehow the entire affair fell off the screen.

Then the leader of the second most powerful nation in the world ask the leader of the most powerful nation for a small favor and said he'd cover for him if he'd just do this one little thing. A deal was made and another country disappeared in a cloud of enhanced radiation. A complaining foreign President ends up with a bad case of a .50BMG blood poisoning and favors get called in again. The final piece in this puzzle came when someone located Saddam's missing WMD and country number 3 bit the dust. Halfway around the world the 3rd most powerful nation in the world had its own agenda and they ended up starting WW III.

Which more or less brings us up to date. Almost. The 2 fair-haired boys and their families ended up in Missouri with a couple of semi-retired FSB agents, who now were actually retired and in a roundabout way working for the Agency. The roads in the Flippin, Arkansas area were straight lines in comparison to that plot line. And the DCI has his people in Missouri with access to 50 military caches of survival weapons, rations and equipment.

However, the actions of cleaning out the cache in Missouri didn't go unnoticed. The following spring, the Ott family and their kin went looking for an armory to raid and ended up at Whitman AFB in Missouri. The base had been nuked and they didn't recover any-

thing. They did notice two pickup trucks pulling trailers departing from the area. At the time it seemed unimportant and they forgot about it. If only they'd known at the time.

◦

I have a mental outline and hard copy and even I'm confused. Group one, the spies, are only 155 miles from Mountain Home and equipped to fight a small war. Group two is spread out from Mountain Home to Gassville to Flippin. The Patriarch of the Arkansas group had been called by some a Crusty Old Curmudgeon. He's more patriotic and more loyal to the Constitution than Thomas Jefferson. He also has a streak of larceny in his soul and its family first and the rest of humanity second.

My AA sponsor and I have done hundreds of outside panels in prisons, rehab facilities, etc. Newcomers to AA listen to the old timers stories and come away with the attitude that they must not be alcoholic because in their entire drinking careers they didn't do many of the things the old timer is talking about. Some of us call the phenomena the yets, as in I haven't done any of those things, yet. My sponsor is quick to tell that that YET is an acronym for the words, *You're Eligible Too*.

◦

The in-laws were mostly rugged individuals, used to hard work and living in the Ozark Mountains. If you looked hard enough, you might even find a still. Better not, it was more than one case of M14's that fell off the truck. Rumor had it that one of the older generation had a job with the manufacturer and when he heard that McNamara had ordered them destroyed, he volunteered to *hep out*. But you know how rumors are, right?

Dodge called the color Flame Red. The model was the RAM 3500 Club Cab. It had a 5.9L Cummins Turbo diesel engine. There were dualies on the rear, 6-speed manual transmission and a sticker that said \$40,000. I had them set the winch in the garage for now and install the CB radio. I also told them that they'd better not scratch anything and was looking directly at Damon when I said it.

We'd found an unattached 6'x16' open trailer in our looking around and it looked so lonely, I gave it a new home. I checked the Dodge's window sticker and it had the towing package. I wanted one of those 98-gallon truck box cross-bed fuel tanks, but I didn't know where I could get one. When everything was ready, we took off from Camdenton in my Flame Red Dodge Cummins Turbo RAM Club Cab Long bed pickup. I was getting used to the color and had a pair of sunglasses. The dealer had 3 delivery trucks, each holding 3,000-gallons. I was wishing that Ron was here, he was the propane guy, until I remembered to be careful what I wished for because God had a sense of humor.

We filled the delivery trucks and sent one to Gassville and two to my house. I told David's boys to park the trucks and we'd transfer the propane when we got there. There were signs of life, but the people seemed reluctant to show themselves. We had what we came for so we went home to Mountain Home. I suggested that Damon and Derek

go to Gassville, refill his propane tank and bring the truck back to my house. We had to make a second trip and refill the propane trucks, top off my tanks and hang on to the delivery trucks for future needs.

I had started an Excel spreadsheet to keep track of what we'd borrowed in case we ever had the means to repay the people we'd borrowed it from. They'd probably print it out and use it a state exhibit #1 at my trial. I named the file Operation Salvage. We weren't confronting people, so far, so it amounted to burglary at most. I rather suspected that we weren't the only ones doing it and I had always taken the position in my stories that the first thing people would do when the balloon went up was scavenge/salvage. It amounted to a redistribution of assets from those as had them to them that needed them. Perfectly logical and rational, totally illegal. That's why I'd made the last minute effort to get some gold and silver, I was willing to pay, at least until I ran out of gold and silver.

o

It was a nasty winter, every bit as bad as the winter of 2005-2006 when all the ash was in the air. No outside electricity, no phones consequently no internet, you get the idea. We put the LP jets in the hot water heater, furnace, dryer and kitchen stove. I'd fudged a little and the 2 3,300-gallon propane tanks had been filled to 3,100-gallons, giving me 7,100-gallons available and another 6,000-gallons in the two delivery trucks. Maybe I should add propane to my list of things you never can have too much of. The Kohler generator was a nice unit, but it was industrial and never intended for people who didn't have a corporation's checkbook to pay for the natural gas or propane.

Our home, BTW, had a 200-amp electrical panel, not the standard 100-amp panel most homes had. At least it did after they installed a new 200-amp panel in my basement the week we moved in. The electrician wanted to know if I was putting in a welder and I told him that no, but I didn't like stumbling around in the dark resetting breakers and he'd better make sure everything was on its own circuit. We ran the air conditioner 24/7 right after we moved in because Sharon didn't like the humidity. It made her grouchy. The good news was that now she was mostly mad at the Red Chinese. I told the boys to keep their eyes open for one of those fancy long-armed quilting machines. Whether or not it was a necessity was strictly dependent on one's point of view. I considered it to be an essential, especially now that she was mad at everyone.

Having Amy, Lorrie, David and 7 grandchildren in the house was a taxing experience. I know a little about taxes so I took the girls aside and explained the facts of life. They were one hell of a lot younger than we were and the first time I heard Sharon complaining about a sink full of dirty dishes, the rug needing vacuuming, etc. they'd be sleeping in a snow bank. I went on to explain that they were getting what amounted to a free ride and by God they'd help out, or else. There must have been something in my tone...

With 2 TV's, one in the basement and one in the living room, we ran Disney stuff and the like for the younger kids in the basement and action movies for the older kids in the

living room. Our only contact with the outside world was the AM/FM radio and the CB radio net we had set up. I was livid that I'd overlooked getting ham equipment. Hells Bells, I even had the license, KD6GDQ. What really frightened me was the prospect that even if we could find ham equipment, it would be useless because of EMP. I made a list of HRO and AES outlets around the county. All of them were in fairly large cities and I assumed those cities had been nuked. I knew what I wanted, a Kenwood TS-2000. If I had one of those and a couple of verticals, I could talk to the world.

HRO had stores in: Anaheim, Atlanta, Burbank, Denver, Newcastle, Oakland, Phoenix, Portland, San Diego, Salem, Sunnyvale and Woodbridge. AES had stores in: Cleveland, Las Vegas, Milwaukee and Orlando. I had their catalogs on my computer in the form of pdf files downloaded from their websites. Plus I had all winter to review, drool and select what I wanted to put together a real hamshack. The Icom R-8500 was available as an unblocked receiver to authorized state and federal government agencies. The Kenwood TS-2000 fit the bill for a single radio with HF, VHF and UHF capabilities. If I could add a linear amplifier and some very good verticals, I'd be good to go. I had time to be very selective and to make a list, prioritizing it when I was done.

One of the cousins, a hillbilly not an Indian, had taken Mary's tri-comp and duplicated it for everyone's M14 rifle. As I said, *a couple of cases of M14 rifles had fallen off a truck*. The tri-comp was intended for the Garand rifle, but... Anyone thinking of buying one should send those guys an email and make certain it can be made to work on a M14, Russ. Or, find out just exactly what it will take to adapt it. The beauty of fiction is that you can do anything, except flap your arms and fly – but I'm working on it.

◦

“Damon, I have another little job for you.”

“What's in it for me?”

“Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.”

“What's the alternative?”

“A snow bank.”

“As long as you're explaining it THAT way, what do you want?”

“I want you to do what you're very good at.”

“Who do you want killed?”

“Yeah, right. I want you to salvage everything on this list. I've written down the manufacturer's part numbers and the quantities I need.”

“Communications equipment? I figured you have me going to an armory and stealing cannons or something.”

“Derek, here is your list. You go to the armories and arsenals and steal the cannons and something.”

“We aren’t going anywhere until the roads are clear, Dad.”

“I didn’t say when, I just said what and how many.”

“What do you want an M107 for?”

“A while.”

“Where is Murfreesboro, Tennessee?”

“The same place it’s always been.”

“Is there anything you don’t have a smart assed answer for?”

“I don’t know, let me think, I’m old you know.”

o

Spring came, it usually does. Damon stole himself a nice brown Dodge pickup identical to the one he’d gotten me except for the color. He got a green one for Derek. You could hear me coming in my flame red pickup, even if the motor wasn’t running. Now I know why Damon went into the Navy, that boy was just a natural born thief. The only thing wrong with him was he couldn’t count. He brought back everything on my list and quadrupled the quantities. We scouted around Mountain Home and found a couple of homes where the elderly residents hadn’t made it. We gave them a respectful burial and commandeered the homes for the kids to move into.

I put David and the boys in charge of salvaging food and other items we needed like cigarettes and toilet paper and things we couldn’t grow or manufacture ourselves. I told them that robbery was forbidden but all else was open season. I sent Derek to Tennessee first. I told him that the rifles weren’t any good without scopes and ammo. The Barrett IMI manufactured ammo was ok, but I wanted some of that Raufoss ammo used by the military snipers. I have good sons; they do what their told to do, sometimes. It only made sense to send David to do the salvaging, he was a locksmith.

Maybe I should change my name to Thomas Crown, even if I don’t look like Steve McQueen or Pierce Brosnan. It’s ok, Sharon doesn’t look like Faye Dunaway or Rene Russo either, darn it. Given a choice of every woman in the world, including my wife, I stick with her because at least I know what to expect and she isn’t so demanding. If the grass is greener on the other side of the fence, so be it. That grass is full of rattle-

snakes, barbed wire, rocks and broken glass. You may even find a couple of bouncing Betties. Generally the worst that can happen if you restrict yourself to looking is a punch in the eye or mouth. If you trip a bouncing Betty, it is a most unpleasant experience, take it from the voice of experience.

◦

The garden got planted, the produce raised, canned and put up for the winter. We also harvested a large amount of firewood and shared it with the 3 communities. You do realize that the common root word for the term community is commune, don't you? A commune and a community have very little in common, at least in the old days. But these are the new days and communities have become enclaves of survivors. We borrowed what we needed if we couldn't buy it with gold and silver and in the process became accomplished recovery specialists (scavengers), traders and farmers.

It was nice having an M82A1, but they were too darn heavy for an old fart like me to pick up. Derek did as he was told and limited his choices to the M16A4, M240B, M249, M2HB and the Mk 19. I didn't really trust some of the newer technology. I would have had them add a pintel mount to my wheelchair but it would have made it too front heavy. I was just as happy with my semi-auto Mini-14 with the folding stock. It was an old friend.

The rule was to err on the side of caution. Medical treatment was hard to come by. Medical supplies were a little easier with a locksmith in the family. I got stopped once by a cop who wanted to see my driver's license.

"Hey Bubba, I don't have a license."

"How did you know my name?"

"To be honest, I didn't, I guessed. Why did you stop me?"

"I jist wanted to take a closer look at ur pickup."

"Well, Bubba, you can look all you want. It's stolen you know and despite the fact that I've been driving since I was 15, I don't have a driver's license these days."

"Thet means you aint got no registration neither, right?"

"Right. But, I got me a pistol and full automatic M14 rifle."

"Yeah, well, so does a lot of peepel round hear. Sum of 'em fell off'n a truck."

"I heared. So, you gonna write me a ticket?"

“What fer, being honest about being dishonest? Hell no and yu weren’t speedin’ neither. I jist wanted to see the truck. I saw one jist like it on a lot in Mountain Home.”

“This is probably that truck, Bubba.”

“Thought so... Yu drive careful, here?”

“Yu too, Bubba.”

o

Guys like Bubba are nice. Right until you given them sass. Never sass any fella wearing a badge and a gun and named Bubba. Just tell them the truth. They ain’t as dumb as they look. If you weren’t breaking any traffic laws, they probably just want to look over your stolen flame red truck. Of course, it heps if’n yu speak the language a little.

“CQ,. CQ, CQ... this is KD6GDQ coming from Mountain Home Arkansas. Anyone on this channel?”

“Come back KD6GDQ, we have our ears on.”

“Who is we?”

“We don’t have a call sign. We’re in the Lake of the Ozarks area.”

“I need some way of identifying you in case I want to call you back, over.”

“My name is Bruce and I guess you can call me 007.”

“Roger, are you a spy?”

“Retired.”

“10-4, a retired spy. Agency?”

“Uh, 10-4.”

“Do you have a last name Bruce?”

“Jenkins.”

“Where do I know that name from? I know that name. Why do I have Yellowstone pushing its way into my head, over?”

“I wrote for the Washington Times.”

“How is Mona? That’s her name, right? The lady you met at the motel?”

“You read my article?”

“I was a big fan of the Washington Times. Did you say the Lake of the Ozarks?”

“Osage Beach.”

“How are y’all making out in Osage Beach? We made it through the winter and are about ready for the next one.”

“Very well, thank you. We had shelters.”

“We did too, Bruce. We’re into salvaging these days and doing a little trading. Do you folks need anything?”

“I was going to ask you the same thing. What’s your name?”

“Gary Ott. I’m a writer, to, but nothing like a professional writer like you.”

“What do you write?”

“Patriot Fiction.”

“I used to read patriot fiction once in a while. Who published your books?”

“I published online at the Frugal Squirrel website.”

“I don’t remember any authors from Mountain Home.”

“I used to live in Palmdale, California.”

“TOM?”

“Bruce? 10-4.”

“Small world.”

“You’re crazy.”

“I told everyone I was.”

“So, have you emptied out all of the armories and arsenals yet?”

“A few. Been to Murfreesboro.”

“And?”

“What you would expect.”

“I have to go TOM. How about same bat time, same bat channel tomorrow?”

“10-4.”

“007 clear.”

“KD6GDQ clear.”

Same world? Nope, I planned it this way. I distinctly remember telling you that I'd find a way to merge the stories. The only problem was I had to get Damon to steal some radios so I could do it. Cedar Hill, New Mexico is far away from any possible nuclear targets that if Ron went there, Linda and he should have survived. Birmingham, Alabama on the other hand might not have fared so well. The majority of drunks are very intelligent. That was their biggest problem. They assumed that they could think their way out of their disease. That doesn't work. What works is letting go and letting God solve your problem. He can do anything He sets his mind to doing. He also has a sense of humor.

TEOTWAWKI, Too! – Part II – Mountain Home – Chapter 4 – Ruskie Spies

Bruce Jenkins and Gary Ott kept up their conversation into the fall, through the winter and into 2009. The folks in Osage Beach had their own little salvaging operation going, but Bruce never mentioned any details. Gary was rather reticent himself when it came to particulars. The magic word that broke the ice was an acronym: SINGle Channel Ground and Airborne Radio System (SINCGARS). The world may be made of plastic, but the language is made up of acronyms. Derek and his assistants found plenty of SINCGARS radios, but none of them worked, EMP probably.

◦

WASHINGTON – A chilling new detail of US intelligence failures emerged Thursday, when the Justice Department disclosed that about 20 months before the Sept. 11 attacks, a CIA official had blocked a memo intended to alert the FBI that two known Al Qaeda operatives had entered the country. The two men were among the 19 hijackers who crashed airliners into the World Trade Center, the Pentagon and a field in Pennsylvania.

If the FBI had received the official communiqué from the CIA's special Osama bin Laden unit when it was ready for transmittal in January 2000, its agents likely could have tracked down the men, according to US intelligence officials familiar with a newly declassified report of the Justice Department's inspector general. Officials involved in the case of alleged would-be hijacker Zacarias Moussaoui had attempted to block release of the report, asserting that it would compromise the outcome of his case. But Inspector General Glenn A. Fine went to court and won release of the report after deleting the section on Moussaoui.

◦

Dana Elcar, whose struggle with glaucoma and blindness was written into the character he was best known for portraying – Peter Thornton on ABC's *MacGyver* – has died. He was 77.

In a recent National Review Online column in which Lawrence Kudlow was forced to acknowledge the higher incomes enjoyed by the super-rich, Kudlow fired off the following sarcastic ripostes to a New York Times article by reporter David Cay Johnston on the rich: "How dare they be successful earners and investors"; "Should we go out and shoot these 145,000 [taxpayers] for their success?"; and "Germans have an 'equality sickness' that makes them dependent on the welfare state. Is that what David Cay Johnston has in mind for America?"

Speaking as a member of the liberal media, I can answer the last question very certainly: Yes, yes it is. If you walk in any newsroom in America, you will find reporters whispering to each other in German, humming "Deutschland Uber Alles" and scheming to

install somebody of Teutonic stock in the White House. (Making Arnold Schwarzenegger governor was just the first step in this plot. Shhh.)

Dumb Moves Department:

President Bush yesterday called on Congress to renew provisions of the USA Patriot Act that expire at the end of the year and defied critics to document a single case of abuse under the law.

A Senate committee this week voted to give the FBI new subpoena powers without prior approval from a court – the latest step as Congress evaluates the USA Patriot Act that passed in 2001 and moves to extend 16 provisions due to expire at the end of this year.

Let's Not Hurry Department:

But in the midst of the heated meeting, Sen. Charles E. Schumer, New York Democrat and panel member, charged in and complained that Federal District Judge Terrence W. Boyle, who was nominated more than four years ago to the 4th US Circuit Court of Appeals, was being rushed through the committee.

Rushed? RUSHED? Jesus H. Christ, Chuckie, you guys have had FOUR FRIGIN' YEARS!!! I'm voting for Hillary and Hanoi Jane. The mentality of politicians never ceases to amaze me. At least Hillary and Hanoi Jane won't go starting any more dang wars. Besides, we need our troops home to clean up after the Chinese nuke us.

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Do you think Bubba jokes will every replace Polish jokes? Let me tell you why not. A Bubba joke is about us. How many people do you know who can say, my friend Bubba? One whole hell of a lot, that's how many. I have a friend in AA who goes by Bubba. Believe it or not, my friend is a good ole boy from Texas. He says that my filthy straw western hat has character. My friend Bubba is far from stupid. He has a lot of years, too. Bubba is a stereotype, nothing more. There ARE the Bubbas in this world, but they aren't all named Bubba. Some of them are even named Tom.

Would I really raid armories and arsenals? You bet your sweet bippy I would. I'd do it before the people got organized enough to protect them, too. That's why I have a sledgehammer in my shed. You aren't likely to find any ammo in most armories, but if you can get the weapons, Wal-Mart sells ammo. So do gun stores. Sandy Storm, that's her name, doesn't sell anything that isn't 100% legal in California – sorry to disappoint you. Her store is called High Desert Storm, sort of catchy. Don't take the M16 with the M203 attached if you have a choice because you aren't likely to find 40mm grenades anywhere you shop.

If you do take the M203, take it off until you find some grenades to fit it. It can't be that hard to dismount and remount the dang thing. Copy the field manual for the M16 rifle

from Global Security if you need to. The html files are: FM 3-22.9 (M16) and FM 3-22.31 (M203). Complete removal of the M203 is an armory procedure, but you can remove most of it. According to the Army Field Manual.

◦

The M14K is an interesting development of the US commercial made M14 type rifle. In the late 1980s, Smith Enterprise developed the engineering and produced a small number of these rifles. They are pre-86 ban select fire M14 type rifles modified with a M60 machinegun type gas system. The M14K was marketed by Tim LaFrance. The reports are that the rifle was very controllable in full automatic fire.

◦

Under the title *Integrated Power*, their new booklet is presented as a national security strategy for US progressives *that integrates our country's military, economic and diplomatic powers, and rejects the failed Bush administration approach that has weakened the armed forces, drained the Treasury and severely damaged our global influence.*

The Bush administration will not be able easily to dismiss this as soft and fuzzy Democratic thinking. Korb and Boorstin call for expanding the woefully overstretched US Army by 86,000 troops, threaten to stop the \$3 billion in aid to Pakistan until its government provides full access to the top nuclear smuggler A. Q. Khan, and say the United States has to be prepared to be ruthless in the war on terror with *more nimble use of deadly force.*

What is smart – and different – about the strategy is that it sees the Department of Homeland Security (Insecurity?) and the State Department, the Commerce Department and the CIA, the Pentagon and the FBI, the Treasury and the US Trade Representative's office as parts of a single whole that need to be singing in harmony rather than trying to shout one another down as they vie for their share of the budget. They can't do that because it makes too much sense.

[rant] The way it works is I write something and then go watch TV. Later, I read the news online, sometimes. And, sometimes I find something to back up something I just said, such as, "I'm voting for Hillary and Hanoi Jane." Not in THIS lifetime, I'm not. However, when in doubt, there is no doubt, I simply vote Republican. I don't really care whom you vote for so long as you vote, because if you don't, what you think and say doesn't mean squat. I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the **Democracy** for which it stands. Yeah, right.

My vote for the worst President in history: The worst President in history is whoever sends my kid to Iraq and gets him killed. Zelda, make a note. Mickey Spillane was on TV a few times. He looks more like Mike Hammer than any actor who played the part. In the 1963 production *The Girl Hunters* Spillane, played his creation, Mike Hammer (one of the only occasions in film history in which an author of a popular literary hero has por-

trayed his own character). *I'm actually a softie. Tough guys get killed too early... I've got a full head of hair and don't wear eyeglasses.* – Mickey Spillane, 2004.

Volunteering runs in the family. My old man volunteered for the Army Air Corps during WW II. He was 4F. I joined the Air Force in '61 and later volunteered to go to Vietnam. I had one of those million dollar educations and my AFSC (MOS) was too critical. I was probably doing a geographic*. My oldest boy volunteered for the Navy and it kept him from going to jail. My youngest son volunteered for the Army and went to Korea. It was sort of like eating peanuts and he's also been to Kosovo and volunteered to go to Iraq. He wasn't listening when his training sergeant said, *Never Volunteer*. I told him what my sergeant told me in basic but he won't listen. Our family had its hero during Vietnam and his name is on The Wall. One family hero per lifetime is enough for me. The Iraqi insurgents even destroyed an Abrams tank with an IED made out of 3 155mm artillery shells.

*Alcoholics do what is called a geographic. In plain English that means he or she moves. Once he or she has made a big enough mess of his or her life in one place, they move to a new place and start over. I've moved a lot of times, but it didn't help – the drunk always came along. If you can drink a cold beer and it doesn't bother you, I envy you. If you can't and you're still trying, get help. AA doesn't have any dues, but they ask for contributions. A buck a day is far less than most drunks spend on booze. AA really works – if you let it. I'm no more ashamed of being an alcoholic than I am of being a diabetic, which was probably caused by my being an alcoholic. The AMA said that alcoholism was a disease in 1956. I partially disagree; I think it is a personality disorder. Personality disorders can't be cured, but they can be held in check. It is also a genetic disorder pertaining to how your body metabolizes alcohol. [/rant]

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Back to the subject at hand...

Which is trying to survive after the end of the world. We bought what we could buy and took what we couldn't. Flame Red? That Bruce seemed like a nice enough fella and I visited with him a lot. I happened to mention in the spring or summer of 2009 that we hadn't been able to find any SINCGARS radios that worked. He asked me how many we needed. I asked him how many did he have. He told me more than we'd ever want. It seems that they had access to some caches of government equipment and one of the caches, the third one, had a truckload of SINCGARS radios. I asked him where Osage Beach was and he told me that Osage Beach was the same place it had always been. I warned to him immediately. I also made arrangements to drive to Osage Beach, if I could find it on a map.

"Bruce?"

"Gary?"

"Funny, you don't look like a spy."

“What does a spy look like, Gary?”

“Sean Connery?”

“Sorry.”

“How much for the SINGARS radios?”

“How much do you have?”

“About 25,000 rounds, mostly 7.62×51mm.”

“Do you need more ammo too?”

“You can never have too much ammo or toilet paper.”

“How much toilet paper do you need?”

“Is it Ultra Charmin quadruple rolls?”

“Sorry, Scott commercial.”

“We have plenty, but thank you.”

“Do you have any Mk 211 rounds?”

“Yep.”

“How about 40mm grenades for the M203’s and Mk19s?”

“Yep.”

“We can trade.”

“What do you have to trade?”

“A truckload of Jack Daniel’s Tennessee sippin’ whiskey that we picked up when we went to Tennessee.”

“A lifetime supply?”

“Not for any drunk I ever knew, no. It’s sort of like 1,000 lawyers at the bottom of the ocean, a good start.”

“What else do you have?”

“Not much. What do you need?”

“Nothing.”

“I’ve got plenty of nothing...”

“You can’t sing; don’t give up your day job.”

“Do you have any MRE’s?”

“We have lots of HDR’s”

“What’s an HDR?”

“A vegetarian Meal Refused by Ethiopians.”

“We’ll take some of those, too.”

“Well, unload that truck of booze.”

“We’ll just leave it. The truck is stolen anyway. Say, did you ever meet Bubba?”

“Bubba who?”

“Never mind, you wouldn’t understand.”

“How many radios do you need?”

“Two base stations plus, *hey Damon, how many pickups have you stolen?*”

We made it work, somehow. We were doing fine until some guy named Arkady walked up. I yanked out my M1911 and slid off the safety.

“Watch it fellas, this here guy’s a Ruskie!”

“So is my friend Vasily,” Arkady said.

“We’ve been invaded!” I yelled.

“So are our wives, Tanya and Sasha,” he continued.

“Very charming,” I said.

“How did you know they went to *Mrs. Ivanova’s Charm School*, are you a spy too?”

“Very Charming,” I repeated. “What are you doing in the United States after World War III?”

“We work part-time for the CIA, sort of. It wasn’t the Russians; it was the Chinese.”

“Really? I knew that all of the time, I wrote the story.”

“What story?”

“Never mind.”

Jack and Bruce, Arkady and Vasily gave us everything we wanted, in exchange for a truckload of Jack Daniel’s. We told them we could get more. They said that they weren’t alcoholics and the Russians preferred vodka anyway. I told them we could always get a truckload of vodka. Arkady asked if that was all we could get. We shouldn’t have taken those HDR’s. Yuck! No wonder people hated the United States, they would probably rather starve than eat the HDR’s. Maybe that’s why the government had so many stored; they couldn’t give them away...

WASHINGTON, June 11 – Under pressure from the White House, the Federal Bureau of Investigation has agreed to adopt the recommendations of a presidential commission and will allow the director of national intelligence, John D. Negroponte, to help choose a powerful intelligence chief at the FBI, Bush administration officials say. The intelligence chief, who will be chosen jointly by Mr. Negroponte and the director of the FBI, Robert S. Mueller III, would have the tentative title of associate director for intelligence and in effect be the third-ranking official at the bureau. The FBI’s acceptance of the new proposals represents a recognition within the bureau that it can no longer resist mounting pressures for change, after a series of scathing reports that have criticized it for intelligence lapses. Yeah, right.

o

After that, we went to Osage Beach every once in a while. We got the Ruskies a truckload of vodka and assured them that there was more where that came from. What it was, was the fermented and distilled Jack Daniel’s alcohol before it went into the barrels to age, about 130 proof. It didn’t taste right what with it not being in a Mason jar and all, or so I was told. Mary’s cousin, Bubba, said he’d made better shine. Her cousin had a badge and a gun so I didn’t argue with him. The rule about not giving Bubba any lip is always true if he is packing a star and a gun. It’s called a *Universal Truth*. In my entire life I’ve only met 2 men who had Polish jokes down very good. They both had Polish last names. Maybe the Poles invented the second *Universal Truth*, “If you can’t beat ‘em, join ‘em.”

Nah, it was the French. Maybe the French won WW III. That could have happened, they didn’t participate. France has never been the same since Napoleon beat his bone apart. The French invented perfume because they were allergic to water.

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PHILADELPHIA, Miss. Jun 11, 2005 – Hicks. Rednecks. Racists. People who live in this town of 7,300 have heard the epithets slung their way for decades.

And many black and white cringe as they anticipate how the world will view their town when reputed Ku Klux Klansman and part-time preacher Edgar Ray Killen goes on trial Monday in the 1964 murders of three civil rights workers. Killen, now 80, is the only person ever indicted on murder charges in the notorious case that was depicted in the 1988 movie *Mississippi Burning*.

Arlene pounds Gulf Coast – 97 dead in China – 23 die in Iraq – ... canceling at least \$40 billion worth of debt... Now we can lend them more. Why all the fuss over illegal aliens if you are just going to turn around and give them amnesty, again? Why DO we have borders? It only inconveniences them, anyway. Maybe I'd better turn French and take a class in Spanish. It AIN'T funny.

The chairman of the board of Amnesty International USA refused yesterday to retract the group's statement that the US detention facility in Cuba is the *gulag of our time*, instead telling a congressional panel the United States is to blame for an increase in terrorism. – Hey Jack and Bruce we have another job for you, in England, we'll blame this one on the French.

One doesn't need to be able to write to write; one just needs to be able to read and have a sense of humor. I wonder how much generators cost in Florida right about now. Could you find one? Well, don't buy one BEFORE the storm... You might actually find one and be able to afford it, then. And then, you'd just have to buy gas that didn't get you anywhere. I'd have bought the 6kw unit, not the 3kw unit, if it were me. Then I could buy a lot more gas that didn't get me anywhere. Why don't you just permanently install the boards on hinges? They call them shutters... and it wouldn't take so long.

I'm going to Florida and buy me some used plywood. They must sell it after every storm because there's always a line at the lumberyard when the next storm comes. Duh. Store the plywood in your garage and park your car on the driveway. You can call it your parkway. Why DO they call them parkways? All of the cars I've ever seen on a parkway aren't parked, they're going 5 miles over and Bubba is chasing them. Hey, Bubba, did you know that in some states the flashing Red lights are Red and not Blue? No, Bubba, I don't have a clip that will fit your revolver; but I can order one.

o

What I couldn't figure out was why all of the packages of heirloom seeds we brought from Walton Feed contained zucchini. Not everyone in the world likes zucchini or summer squash. Cucumbers are only good for two things: making pickles and making boats. When I was on the farm back in the late '40's and early '50's, my mom always

used to let us make boats out of the cucumbers that were too big for pickles. 50 years? I wanted to go to sleep and not wake up tomorrow, have you read the news lately? Oh, that's right; I read the news and put it in my stories so that you don't have to, right? It ain't good... Think of it as a time capsule. The Jackson jury took the weekend off so they could watch his brothers on Larry King Live. Why didn't Michael just tell them it was a sock in his pants, it worked for Dom DeLuise (Melvin P Thorpe). He's still alive and weighs about 900 pounds. He'd better stop eating his own cooking. He did, he died at age 75. He was hospitalized at the time, suffering from kidney failure and respiratory problems due to complications from diabetes and high blood pressure.

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POZA RICA, México – The thieves are nothing if not brazen, backing their tanker trucks right up to refinery terminals and hauling away thousands of gallons of gasoline at a time. They mix the good gas with junk additives, including solvents and used motor oil, and then sell the adulterated brew as diesel or gasoline to service station owners across México, who pass it on to unsuspecting motorists.

The government of President Vicente Fox acknowledged the problems and last year sent army and police units to guard Pemex installations. The vigilance resulted in an 11% increase in the company's refining production for the rest of 2004, Pemex executive Juan Bueno Torio told reporters. – Then, why did they pull the guards? I know why; they sent the guards to the borders to help the illegal immigrants get under the fence.

Pemex officials, including former director Raul Munoz Leos, have acknowledged that the scale of the theft and adulteration was possible only with the complicity of Pemex employees. One former Pemex executive said that beyond outright thievery, the contra-band fuel rackets also take advantage of Pemex *subsidies* – discounts on fuel that are given to agriculture, fisheries and shipping firms on the assumption that those industries create jobs and exports. “The problem is that these people don't use fuel for what they say and sell it back to market for a premium,” the former executive said.

Why don't they just give the illegal aliens jobs in México guarding the Pemex refineries?

o

Australia is looking better all of the time. Crocodile Dundee had a rifle and a knife, so their weapons laws can't be too severe. They most certainly can't be as bad as the People's Republik of Kalifornia.

[Dundee is threatened by a mugger with a switchblade]

“Mick, give him your wallet.”

“What for?”

“He's got a knife.”

[Chuckling] ‘THAT’S not a knife.’

[Dundee draws a large Bowie knife]

“That’s a knife.’

[Dundee slashes the teen mugger’s jacket. He and his friends run away]

Paul Hogan divorced his wife of 28-years and married his co-star Linda Kozlowski. The last movie she was in was *Crocodile Dundee in Los Angeles*. It sold 10 tickets. They’re still married. Hogan got his start in Australian television in a recurring role as comic relief on *A Current Affair*. I wonder what THAT means? Read... they still teach reading in school, don’t they? Not, it would seem, in the People’s Republik of Kalifornia. In Kalifornia they teach Ghetto Tactics 101. Ok, I won’t give up my day job – I’m disabled, can’t you tell? I just tripped and spilt my coffee all over my computer table and ruined the last cigarette I’d taken out of the previous pack and laid on the table. Life’s a bitch and then, you die... hopefully.

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The bad news is that some people don’t know when to quit. The good news is that sometimes they figure it out.

[This is what really happened as opposed to what I told you happened. Sometimes I lie.]

TEOTWAWKI, Too! – Part III – Flippin – Chapter 1 – What Really Happened

What is the best MBR? M1A, FAL, HK91, BM59 or something else? It is whatever you can shoot very well, preferably in .30 caliber, either the .30-06 or the 7.62x51mm NATO round. The downside of a MBR is the weight – of the weapon and the ammo. They're just short of 4' long, pretty difficult to manage when you're in a wheelchair. During Vietnam, the US went to the .223, aka 5.56x45mm NATO, round. After a few false starts, they got a rifle that worked the M16A1 rifle. Lighter rifle, shorter barrel and the ammo didn't weigh as much and was only 40" long. A new term came into our vocabulary – spray and pray. The M16 was good to a max of 300-meters. It must mean that war was getting up close and personal.

The M4 Carbine was similar in design and functioning to the M16 family of rifles, thereby greatly simplifying training, supply, and maintenance. Compared to the M16A2 rifle, the M4 Carbine was 1.3 pounds lighter, 6⁵/₈" shorter with buttstock extended, and almost 10 inches shorter with the buttstock collapsed. That piece of pipe you attached underneath to launch 40mm grenades cost more than the rifle. In tandem, the M16A4 with a M203 ran maybe \$1,200-\$1,300 to the government. A1 = full auto, A2 = 3-round burst, A3 = full auto, A4 = 3 round burst, M4 = 3 round burst and M4A1 = full auto. With the M4, we ended up with a 30" rifle that, loaded, weighed 7½ pounds without the M203. The barrel was very short, making the velocity of the ammo fall dramatically. If it was underpowered in the first place, what did we have now? That's probably why it was the spray and pray model.

On July 1, 2009, the US Army took complete ownership of the M4 design. This will allow companies besides Colt to compete with their own M4 designs. The Army planned on fielding the last of its M4 requirement in 2010. On October 30, 2009, Army weapons officials proposed a series of changes to the M4 to Congress. Requested changes include an electronic round counter that records the number of shots fired, a heavier barrel, and replacing the direct impingement system with a gas piston system. As of September 2010 the Army has announced they will buy 12,000 M4A1s from Colt Firearms by the end of 2010 and will by early 2011 order 25,000 more M4A1s. The Army announced also to have open competition for the newly designed M4 bolt carrier and gas piston operation system, which will be fitted to the newly bought M4A1 carbines. The service branch plans to buy 12,000 of these conversion kits in early 2011. In late 2011 the Army plans to buy 65,000 more conversion kits. From there the Army will decide if it will upgrade all of its M4s

The better choice was the .30 MBR in any variation that could make effective use of full auto as the situation required. The gun laws in the US weren't very reassuring, the US Supreme Court, the Congress and the Executive Branch couldn't read – the Constitution. What is there to interpret about, "...the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed?" It was so bad in some states, e.g., the People's Republik of Kalifornia, that weapons were banned on the basis of what they looked like. And you thought that New York's Sullivan Law was bad. Kalifornia might have been late coming

around, but when they did, they went crazy. Hundreds of gun stores in Los Angeles closed.

Kalifornia banned magazines with a capacity of more than 10-rounds. If you needed 10-rounds to kill a deer, you shouldn't be hunting. What Kalifornia was really banning was the people's right to keep and bear arms, of their personal choice. It made the 15-round USGI standard issue M1 carbine magazines illegal. What a deal! Who needs an Assault Rifle anyway? Do you need to protect yourself from a charging deer? A .50 caliber rifle is too big of a bullet and only criminals would want such a weapon. Criminals preferred the 9mm auto and the AK-47, don't hand me that crap.

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You know me, right? I'm just your average 62-year-old WMA, Methodist and Patron Member of the NRA. I have 4 children and 10 grandchildren. I've got a few minor health issues and I have a battery-powered wheelchair with the joystick thing. I don't use a cane, a walker or the wheelchair, but I have one of each. I like booze but don't drink. I like cigarettes too, very unpopular in 2005. The wife is busy cleaning and reorganizing; I hope we're getting ready to move – out of Kalifornia. Lately I've become enamored with the idea of moving to Arkansas. They say the housing bubble is about to burst; we'd better sell now.

For recreation, I write Patriot Fiction Stories. They sure don't build keyboards the way they used to, but at \$10 each, I can buy a new one occasionally. I really should put my spare 60Gb drive in my computer and backup my HDD before it takes a dump. I could burn the important files to a CD, if the drive worked. Life's a bitch and then you die – hopefully.

What if...

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"It's hot."

"It's not hot, that's the humidity."

"Why are we renting instead of buying?"

"I'm waiting for the housing bubble to burst."

"Then what?"

"Then we'll buy a home that some bank forecloses on and give it a paint job."

"I want a 3-bedroom house so I can have a sewing room and we have a guest bedroom."

“The only problem with a guest bedroom is that we never get any guests, except Shirley Ann. Whatever, fine, I want a big basement.”

“I don’t want to walk up and down stairs with laundry.”

“Neither do I. We’ll put the washer and dryer on the first floor, not in the basement. The basement is all mine. I’m only willing to share it with the furnace and hot water heater.”

“What are you going to do with a basement?”

“I’ll start off by insulating the ceiling. Next, I’ll lower the ceiling and fill the space with at least 14” of concrete. After that, I’ll get Bubba to make me a 1½” thick basement door.”

“Bubba who?”

“I don’t know. Isn’t everyone down here named Bubba?”

“Y’all need to learn to speak their language, Gary.”

“It sounds to me like you’ve started without me, Sharon.”

“It’s hot and humid.”

“What’s the difference? We rarely leave the house anyway. I haven’t been out of the house since we moved in.”

“You ought to get a driver’s license.”

“What for? We only have one car.”

“I thought you wanted to move to Mountain Home.”

“Too many people. Flippin is perfect.”

“How would you know, you never leave the house.”

“Now you’re being picky.”

“Mary said there was a house on the market in Gassville.”

“We can’t go there; they eat beans.”

“How do you know?”

“Where do you think the gas comes from?”

“It’s hot.”

“You’re repeating yourself, again. Turn the air a little lower and I’ll put on a sweater.”

◦

We bought a nice home from the bank in Flippin. It had 4 bedrooms, 2¾ baths and a full basement. I had to get out of the house to move. I drove my wheelchair to our new home. On the way, a Deputy stopped me for speeding, I guess.

“Hey Bubba, what’s up?”

“Do you have a driver’s license for a wheelchair?”

“I thought that they only required those in Kalifornia.”

“Pretty fancy rig, what’ll she do?”

“Maybe 6mph.”

“What’s with the scabbard? Do you have an Assault Rifle?”

“I could only afford the scabbard.”

“Where are you going?”

“Home.”

“Where are you coming from?”

“Home.”

“You a Yankee?”

“No, I’m a Dodgers fan.”

“You’re one them Yankee smartasses, aren’t you?”

“No sir, I’m a Dodger smartass. Hey Bubba, give me a break, I need to get to our new home and take my insulin.”

“You sure it is insulin and not something else?”

“All of the bruises are on my belly, here look at my arms.”

“You drive careful, hear?”

“Yessir, Bubba.”

“The name is John, Yankee.”

“Are you related to the Yankees from up in Missouri?”

“Brown. Deputy John Brown.”

“John Brown is a mighty strange name for a southern boy to have.”

“Tell me about it. Bye.”

“Y’all take care, Bubba, hear?”

I was learning the language, albeit slowly. So far I had learned 3 words: Bubba, y’all and hear. That new used house had a full basement. I lugged a kitchen chair to the basement and just sat there trying to figure out where to start. I obviously needed a ramset so I could attach 2x8’s to the walls, leaving about 15½” between the top of the boards and the upstairs floor. There was a floor drain and a shower off in one corner and, a deep sink with hot and cold running water. There was a utility closet upstairs so I had the whole basement to myself.

Rather than rent a ramset, I bought a cheap one. Well, relatively cheap. It was cheap, but not inexpensive. I got some wood and made forms and poured the basement windows full of concrete, all except one, which I wanted to use for the inlets and outlets. The house had its own septic system but was connected to city water. I needed a well, first thing. I needed a huge propane tank second thing. I needed a million dollars, but that wasn’t going to happen, unless I won the lottery. I didn’t buy tickets, so I didn’t think that would happen soon.

I had 2 firearms, a Nazi .32 auto and a .22LR Saturday Night Special with 2 magazines for each. I wanted a standby residential generator that ran on propane and enough propane to run it at full load for 120 days. I bought an Onan RS 30000 because the engine operated at 1,800rpm. I had that set in the basement and the 200-amp automatic transfer panel installed. The salesman had said that as a fulltime system, I could get by with a 200-amp setup. I got Sharon to hold the 2x4’s while I ramset them to the walls.

120 days times 24 hours equals 2,880 hours. At full capacity, the RS 30000 would burn 4.2 gallons per hour. 2,880 times 4.2 equals 12,096-gallons of propane. I needed a 15,000-gallon propane tank. Figure a 90% fill, I’d have 13,500-gallons of propane, enough for 134 days. You could buy a car for what it would cost to fill a 15,000-gallon tank and the car lasted longer. Used is good, just as long as you can get the safety relief valve replaced. I got lucky. I had them put 1,000-gallons of propane in the tank and hooked up my new RS 30000. I thought about it some and switched all of our applianc-

es to propane from natural gas. I had to have a plumber do the furnace and hot water heater, so I'm glad I didn't wait. Sears switched the stove and dryer. They charged for 2 service calls and 2 conversions. It didn't take very long at all.

Sharon wanted a Sears 25ft³ chest freezer and I rented her space in my basement. I took down the 2x4's from the wall and moved them down 7½", I'd forgotten about the cross thingies to support the OSB. I bought enough of the adjustable steel posts so I could support all of those solid concrete blocks. I figured it would take 2 rows of posts. I was going to put in two layers of ¾" OSB, I ended up with 2 layers of OSB at \$12 a sheet. The guy at the store said it would work. I laminated the sheets with contractor's cement.

One 4'x8'x¾" sheet of OSB is heavy; try lifting 2 at once sometime. And, I already have the hernia. I built a mold so I could make my own solid concrete blocks. I made them in the yard and slid them through the basement window I left open. And stacked them. I started at the other end of the basement and by the time spring of 2006 came, I had me a genuine bomb shelter with a standby generator and 3,000-gallons of propane. I got Bob, not Bubba, to make me the shelter door. I left an open space in the lid, by the window, until I had everything figured out and hooked up. I found every muscle I never knew I had, and every last one of them hurt, all of the time.

I mounted a ¾" steel plate on the inside of that window with holes for the generator air intake and exhaust plus another hole for the propane line and yet another for an air intake and exhaust pipes of some kind. Then, I used a form and filled in the window with some Quikrete. I bought a pair of used 3 bar blast valves for the 6" air pipes for the generator and the air filtration system. After I finished running pipes, I finished off the lid. Utah Shelter Systems wanted \$6 grand for a LUWA air filtration system. I told them that I needed to see the plans for the system before I could let loose of that kind of money. I copied the plans and sent them back with a note saying, "Thanks, but no thanks."

I found an industrial Portable Extractor Fume 750, with no arm assembly, which included a pre-filter, and 99% HEPA. The unit was used for attaching a hard central duct system and cost \$3,000. I bought the optional 3rd carbon filter and one set of spare filters. It was cheap at half the price of the LUWA system. I was getting there, but all I had for food was beans and rice. I had a well but no guns and ammo. Guns won't do you one dang bit of good if you're dead to begin with; it was simply a matter of priorities. I put up a wall and enclosed the air filter and the generator and insulated the walls with R-19 insulation to deaden the sound.

I used a door with acoustic tile cemented in place to absorb the sound that might come through the door. With the door closed, the noise level was tolerable. Sharon was buying 1,000-gallons of propane each and every month, slowly getting our tank filled. We were eating a lot of macaroni and cheese these days; I think maybe she is losing weight. Once a week, I'd treat her to a steak that she could cook for herself and get it just the way she liked it. Saturday nights became steak, baked potato and asparagus night, for her. I got the whole box of macaroni and cheese. It was great.

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Hey, nobody ever said that this getting prepared in advance stuff was easy or inexpensive. Think about it. You are buying a lot of things and storing them. It isn't like a bank account because they don't earn interest. You could put your money in the bank to earn interest, but... where are you going to find what you need when TSHTF? You might starve to death or die from radiation before you ever get the chance to go scavenging. I only made the concrete blocks 7"x7"x12". I hope the guy was right about that OSB and 2x8's. The OSB was attached to the joists with 3" long screws. I figured it would make it stronger. I painted the underneath side flat black. It's a good thing Sharon and I are short.

By winter of 2006, we had the basement finished and the LP tank filled with 9,000-gallons of propane. I splurged and had pepper on my macaroni and cheese. Sharon had a very nice New York Strip. She had planted a garden and canned. She also made those bread and butter pickles from Gayle's recipe I like so well. She had 161 quarts of green beans, 70 quarts of pickles and 1,200 pounds of potatoes from the garden. We had carrots in a sandbox in my basement, too. She had been working on filling the freezer, but it was mostly chicken. She'd buy a bunch of chickens when they were on sale and a pork loin that I would slice into chops and seal in vacuum-packed bags. It was mostly cheap beef cuts – usually whatever was on sale. We also had a lot of 1-pound packages of vacuum-packed ground round.

We have about 6 different varieties of beans and several bags of rice that I stacked on a shelf. I was doing my 6 cartons a month on the Kool's Super Longs 100's, thing, too. She wasn't happy about the smokes and if she'd have seen in my cabinet, she would have blown a gasket. I like chili. Hell, I love chili, with beans. You use some pinto beans, some kidney beans and some paquitos, little pink beans. You add some onion and ground beef and lots of chili powder. Yum. We also had large and small white beans and the green beans, making 6 kinds of beans. Beans and my brain get along very well. Beans and my stomach is another story. We could get 750cfm of filtered air from the air filter, a very good thing.

We also had 200 pounds of sugar, 600 pounds of flour, jars of yeast, several 6-pound cans of Crisco, 24 57-ounce cans of coffee and other things, like 180 boxes of macaroni and cheese. They come 15 boxes to the bundle and we had 12 bundles. I told her to get more coffee, we drink about a can a week. The previous winter had been mild and that was a good thing, we turned the heat on to 55 and I wore a sweater and jacket during the day, inside. I drink too much coffee, but would you rather have me drinking booze?

For variety, we had canned corn, asparagus, diced tomatoes and so forth. Lots of diced tomatoes and spaghetti sauce, the kind she liked. I bought \$500 worth of firewood for our fireplace, just in case. You would probably find our diet boring, we're meat, potatoes and vegetables type of folks. Sharon started baking homemade bread so we could rotate the flour. I could live on beans and goulash. Goulash is made from hamburger, on-

ions, diced tomatoes (I prefer tomato sauce) and elbow macaroni plus salt and pepper. I also love pepper steak and it is made using thinly sliced round steak, onions, frozen pepper strips and brown gravy mix with salt, pepper and soy sauce for seasoning. It's served over a bed of white rice. We had about 50 bags of frozen pepper strips in the freezer. Beans are made from beans, water, salt, pepper and a smoked hock or fresh hock to please the wife.

Did I forget to mention the rice-a-roni and the pasta-roni? Dozens of boxes of each flavor, enough for 10,000 lifetimes; what can I say – it eats. Don't forget the coffee filters, toilet paper, and flashlight batteries. It was nice to finish up in the spring of 2007. Finished? Not quite, I didn't have an MBR or a pistol or a shotgun or a .22 rifle or any ammo except an extra box of .32Auto. Well, I was good if rabbits attacked, what can I say? There wasn't any doubt in my military mind that the Democrats would get elected in 2008 and you'd be lucky to own a BB gun. I saw where somebody had a pair of M1A rifles for sale for \$850 each. I called the guy and he said they weren't accurate. I figured that they probably needed new properly fitted stocks. I also noticed that he didn't do a good job of cleaning the rifles. I bought them both and the magazines he had for them. The magazines were the USGI new surplus magazines and he had 2-dozen. They were extra. I had the rifles restocked and could shoot well within specs after. They were the standard model M1A from Springfield Armory.

I got a good, used Mossberg 590A1 at a gun store and added a magazine extension. For Christmas, Sharon bought me a used 9422. I was still looking for a good pistol. I wanted a .45ACP and she could have the rabbit gun. We were gaining with the garden because I wasn't eating pickles or green beans as fast as she was putting them up. We gave Mary some of the potatoes and ate a lot of potato soup. We had to make sure the cats didn't get into the basement because of the sandbox for the carrots.

I loaded up on bricks of .22LR ammo at Wal-Mart and ordered Remington Express Magnum 00 buckshot and Brenneke slugs from a gun store. This guy could get the same ammo that Eric the Ammoman had, provided I bought enough. That turned out to be 10 1,000-round cases of ammo. It was the Lake City overrun stuff, boxed loose. I told him to keep his eye out for a very good used M1911 .45ACP pistol. Just in case, I ordered a ten-pack of 7-round M1911 magazines from Eric and bought a case of 230-grain ball .45ACP.

I was getting close. I was only a pistol, the radiation stuff from Radmeters4U and some prescriptions away from being ready for the end of the world. I had a heart attack and died. Not! I'm just plain too mean to die. I ain't going unless I can take me some Chinamen or Ruskies or North Koreans or wetbacks with me. We put up a flagpole and I hung a Gadsden flag. I had a Confederate Battle Flag put away, just in case. Let me tell you, that flag got a few comments, most of them good. I declined an offer to join the Klan; I'm not much of a joiner. I'm now certain that had I flown the Confederate Battle Flag, the Klan would have insisted.

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The gun store called and he has just the pistol I wanted. I told him to hold it for me because my wheelchair only went 6mph. Parkerized finish and needed a barrel, good condition otherwise. I bought it and went looking for a 1911 swivel holster for the .45. I ended up buying one from El Paso Saddlery for \$90. It was the US Cavalry swivel holster, the "Pershing model". I got some canvas double magazine pouches for my pistol belt from a surplus store. I also bought some used ALICE gear and a new GI surplus barrel and bushing for the M1911.

Derek had survived his trip to Iraq. He was lucky, if he hadn't, I would have killed him. It was a whole lot worse than Kosovo, which was a whole lot worse than Korea. I asked if he'd seen enough of the world yet. Apparently not, he said that if they called, he'd go. The boy needs to have his head examined; I think he has a death wish. I told him ok, but only if he took his tank next time. He was now an E-6, BTW. A chest full of campaign ribbons, but no medal medals. That suits me just fine. Heroes get medals, usually dead heroes and my family already has one dead hero. More, if you count Dennis who was a medic in Vietnam (MASH Unit). Derek was on his 5th row of ribbons. He said he was on the fast track to Sergeant First Class.

Derek wanted an SA-58 FAL rifle. I was feeling flush so I bought him one for Christmas of 2007. I wasn't short of 7.62x51mm ammo, but I bought him 5 cases anyway. I actually bought 10 cases, 5 to replace what I'd shot up and 5 for him. I gave him the brass to reload, if he wanted to. That stinker went out and bought a reloading press and the whole 9-yards. He had enough powder (large pail), bullets (large box) and primers (several small boxes) for the big one. As in if the Rusksies or Chinese bomb the US. If Bush doesn't shut his mouth, it's going to happen, too, mark my words.

Sharon got me the package deal from Radmeters4U for Christmas. I ordered more CD V-742 dosimeters, KIO₃ and a CD V-700 and a CD V-717. I got her that long armed quilting machine because we finally had a little money to spend and I am very good at spending money. Derek said the ceiling was too low in the shelter. I told him to put his head between 2 joists or sit down. I couldn't wear my cowboy hat in the basement either, but hey, you shouldn't wear a hat indoors. Right?

For my birthday on 3/23/2008, Sharon bought me a Mini-14 rifle with a Butler Creek folding stock and a flashhider. I immediately rushed out and got some (13) of the 30-round PMI steel magazines before the elections and the new Assault Weapons Ban. Come on, invade – I dare you! Bite my tongue. I forgot about God's sense of humor for a minute. Ronald is in Cedar Hill, New Mexico living next door to Robert. Clarence moved back to Birmingham, Alabama and he keeps in touch. Not in town, on a small farm outside of the city, to the west, I guess.

Sandy Storm got a Winchester model 70 rifle in one day in the .458 Winchester caliber. Guess who she sold it to? Ronald should move to Africa, he has all of the right guns, now. He keeps in touch, too. They left Kevin and John in Palmdale when they moved. He said they hadn't heard from them in quite a while. Brenda moved back to Ft. Smith,

Arkansas and remarried her former hubby, good for her. Amy finished college and is working for the LA County Sheriff as a dispatcher. I didn't know it took a college degree in Criminal Justice to talk on the radio. She loves to talk on the phone so I guess the job is perfect for her.

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If you want to know what the news is, read the paper or go online, I have nothing to say about the news, except that it stinks. North Korea tested a nuclear weapon. They did it up by the Chinese border. That was stupid. Ain't none of my business, I'm ready for WW III or whatever they'll call it. They probably call it the 80-minutes War. I figure that that's about how long it will take for them to nuke us and us to nuke them. Y'all come on down to Flippin, if y'all like chili with beans, hear? I got lots. I sure do wish I could figure out how to put a pintle mount on my wheelchair. But, that would make it front heavy.

The trust fund paid an unexpected dividend and Sharon went out and bought another of those Sears 25ft³ freezers in July of 2008. Who does she think we're going to feed, the whole flippin' town of Flippin? I got even; I ordered a whole steer butchered plus a hog and filled that freezer for her. I also bought 50 more bags of pepper slices. Wait a minute, that's what she wanted in the first place, dimes to donuts. I went and bought me another Mini-14 like the first, 20 30-round PMI steel magazines and 5,000-rounds of SS109 ammo. I got another set of used ALICE gear so I had a set of ALICE gear for each of my 2 MBRs and the two Mini-14s. Now we're even.

John Kerry was the nominee of the Democrat Party this year. John McCain wisely declined the Republican nomination. I could have voted for John McCain, but I suppose I'll have to vote for whoever the Republican candidate is. I won't vote for John Band-Aid! And, you can take that to the bank! Hillary smillary didn't get the nomination, thank God. She's already been President for 8-years. Hanoi Jane ought to run for office, in North Vietnam. I'd vote for her if she did. That was the smartest thing Ted Turner ever did other than buying up the MGM library.

I'm frankly very worried; I'm starting to get partial to grits. And I still only speak 3 words of the southern dialect: y'all, Bubba and hear. Bubba stopped me again and wanted to know about the Mini-14 in the scabbard. I told him it was a semi-auto. It wasn't loaded anyway; the magazines were in my saddlebags. Bubba told me to slow down until I figured out to steer the wheelchair better. I said, yessir, causin' Bubba had him a badge and a gun. Never argue with anyone named Bubba what has a badge AND a gun.

You know about Mary's people, right? Funny, I'd thought that they'd limp when they walked on a flat surface. They didn't, not even her cousin Bubba. That's the Bubba without the badge. He has him a gun all right, an M14 rifle what fell off'n a truck, he says. I don't believe it for a minute. What are the odds of two cases of M14 rifles falling off a truck? I didn't just fall off a turnip truck. No sir, Bubba stole those rifles. I sure wish he'd sell me one of them. I'd get me a tri-comp and add a pintle mount and use it on my wheelchair. But, Mary says that Bubba won't sell me one 'cause I'm a Yankee.

TEOTWAWKI, Too! – Part III – Flippin – Chapter 2 – Countdown

It happened on July 31st, local time. I always figured that Bubba was a good guy and I bought me a tri-comp, just in case. It only cost me \$59 plus shipping. Anyway, Bubba tossed me a brand spanking new M14 rifle with 2 magazines and told me not to hurt myself with it. I'd also bought some more of the M14 magazines (13), just in case, and another 5,000-rounds of that 7.62x51mm ammo. I should have run up the Confederate Battle Flag sooner. Bubba was impressed with my new flag. All of a sudden, I had me a basement full of people. I had Derek and Mary and their 3 kids. I had Brenda and her hubby and their kid. I also had Jennifer and Ronnie Joe and their 3 kids. Ronald called to say that Amy and her 2 kids and David and Lorrie and their 5 kids were at his house. I should have kept reading the news instead of pouting. It was about 172 miles, give or take from Fort Smith to Flippin, so I guess everyone must have known what was happening, except me.

The Chinese were po'd at the United States because good old George had interfered with their invasion of Taiwan. I should have kept reading CNN, even after I figured out that Fleataxi was right and that they were the Communist News Network. Not me, no sir. And I'd have run up the Confederate Battle Flag a whole lot sooner if I'd had known about Bubba. I had my head stuck so far up my butt that I had absolutely no idea what was happening about anything. I was out of touch. Yeah right, in the pig's right eye! Why do you think I filled the freezer? Why do you think I had the extra ammo and magazines for the M14 rifle?

The wakeup call that had apparently come when Brenda and Jennifer had shown up with their families and Ron had called and talked to Sharon wasn't a surprise; I'd listened in on the phone conversations. Amy and Lorrie had called the previous day and told their mom everything and she'd told them to head to Ron and Linda's, pedal to the metal. I listened in on that phone conversation too. All we were missing was Damon and his bimbo and his 3 kids. They turned up about an hour after Brenda and Jennifer and their families. The only surprise was the M14 rifle, but Bubba had given Derek and Mary 2 and I had *high hopes*. (Frank Sinatra)

I was the prophet of doom most of the time and I appeared not even know that all hell had broken loose. And that was why I had gone to Wal-Mart the previous day and bought 25 cartons of Kool's cigarettes to go with the 25 cartons I already had. The only real surprise was that Bubba, the deputy, hadn't stopped me for speeding in my wheelchair and that I managed to get 25 cartons of cigarettes home in my wheelchair. The check I wrote at Wal-Mart had come back approved. The only thing that surprised me at Wal-Mart was that they had 25 cartons of Kool's in the first place. If they hadn't I would have bought Marlboro's and a jar of Vicks.

I was only surprised at the M14. Derek had tri-comps on both of his M14's and they couldn't be installed. They lugged the wheelchair down to the basement and set it in front of my table with my Kenwood TS-2000 and other radios and receivers. I switched the antenna switches to ground and checked the batteries in my CD V-700, CD V-715

and my CD V-717. I didn't have a SINCGARS radio, but we weren't out of the shelter yet and the bombs hadn't started falling. There wasn't an armory close to Flippin anyway, that I knew of. I didn't say there wasn't an armory; just that I didn't know of one. My sledgehammer was handy and we were ready to begin salvage operations the minute the radiation level was low enough.

The top thing on my list was a Dodge RAM 3500 with the Cummins turbo diesel engine and 4WD. If Damon got me Flame Red, I'd kill him. That gun store had a half pallet of the 7.62x51mm Lake City overruns and the guy assured me that if I bought it all, he'd take my check on the Iowa bank account. Since the bombs or warheads or whatever hadn't started to fall, I wrote a blank check and sent Damon to get it. He was just setting the last box in the basement when the first flash came from the south. There went Little Rock, I figured. I gave Damon permission to use the shotgun later and we locked down and turned the radio to an AM radio station to listen to the end of the world.

In the movie, *Fail Safe* they told Henry Fonda the phone would melt when the weapon hit Moscow and melted the Ambassador's phone. The radio stations in Little Rock gave off a similar squeal when we saw the flash from the south. It was a very short squeal. Movies may just be Hollywood hype, but they occasionally get some things right. The really scary movie was *By Dawn's Early Light* (1990) starring Powers Booth, Rebecca De Mornay, James Earl Jones and Martin Landau; that and *The Day After*. Sorry, I started school in 1948 and graduated High School in 1961, and I can't remember a single Duck and Cover exercise. A fat lot of good a desk would do!

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Sharon was thawing meat for supper and soaking a pot of great northern beans. We were actually ready when TSHTF. Well, as ready as one can be in that type of situation. What made China think that the US would let them attack Taiwan with impunity? Maybe China figured that with their population of 1.3 billion people, give or take, they would come out on top. Who knows and who cares?

Body count: Sharon and me (2); Derek, Mary and the kids (5); Damon, the bimbo and his kids (5); Brenda's family (3); Jennifer's family (5); and, Mary's parents (2) for a total of 22 people in a basement shelter that was designed for 10. We are sleeping in shifts. Food, water, etc. wouldn't be a problem. Propane at 13,500-gallons wouldn't be a problem, especially if we kept the electrical usage down. We could maybe go 6 months in the latter case. Coffee wasn't a problem because we now had 60 cans, and we could make it little on the weak side, just in case. I started a diary. I got the idea from another of the squirrel's stories. jeber431?

Day One: There is general disbelief that the inevitable happened. Thinking it could and being prepared were good. Actually believing it would happen wasn't in the equation. There is a lot of disbelief and excited talk. I had 1,200 Xanax and passed them out to everyone except the little kids. They got a movie on the TV. Sharon and the other gals kept the coffee pot full. No one had much of an appetite. I was hungry, go figure. I put

my fancy padlock on the door to the gun cabinet to make certain no one tried to open the door. Everything was working as planned. The CD V-717 is barely registering radiation so we opened up just long enough to bring the upstairs TV and dual player to the basement. Now we have a TV for the kids and a second for the adults. The CD V-717 started to record more radiation. I gave everyone a second Xanax after supper and we all tried to sleep. Many did, but I was used to the Xanax, so I stayed up.

Day Two: Cottage fries, the last of the fresh eggs and milk, toast, cereal for breakfast and boiled beans and goulash for lunch. Appetites a little better, but not much. Some soft crying, which everyone is pretending to ignore. No radio stations on the air. But it's way too early for that. The phone is dead and I don't have an Internet connection. I really hadn't expected to have one. I was very happy for the Xanax as well, I was handing it out TID. Not to everyone, people who obviously had a buzz could wait until after supper for a second pill. No one was going to get more than TID. It was in my desk under lock and key. I was only taking it QPM and I was used to the stuff and only needed it to sleep. I was very tired and took a nap in the afternoon, but still needed my pill. The smaller kids were antsy. I quartered some Xanax for them in case the parents wanted to give them 125µg. Brenda was the only person to ask for extra Xanax, but I declined to give her extra. I warned Derek about that very thing before I turned in around 1400. He now had the key to the gun safe but not to my desk. I left out a few tabs of the quartered Xanax and 4 of the whole tablets.

I was back up at 2000, the Xanax wore off and it was a little noisy. Sharon had fixed pepper steak for supper and had saved me some. I ate it cold and liked it just as well. I took Brenda aside in the generator room and pointed out that I knew her history and if she didn't stop pushing for extra Xanax, I'd cut her off completely. From the look on her face, it appeared that Brenda was going to protest, but after a moment, she nodded and left the generator room. I had 4 batteries and an inverter. It would power everything long enough for us to service the Onan RS 15000. I had several cases of oil and enough oil and air filters to match the volume of oil. I told you I was prepared.

Day Three: Most of the people didn't want any more of the Xanax. The downside of taking Xanax can be severe. That suited me just fine; I wasn't trying to turn the other 21 people into addicts. Even Brenda passed. I locked up the loose pills in my desk and the subject of Xanax didn't come up for a while. It was oatmeal with instant milk for breakfast; the last of the goulash and beans for lunch and Sharon got out both crock-pots and put in 2 beef roasts, frozen, for supper. She also added an onion to each pot and salt and pepper. The potatoes and carrots were standing by ready to be peeled. No way was food going to be a problem, not right now anyway. Today was James Bond Day, I guess. Amy and Udell had given me a 14 VHS set of the movies for Christmas 2003. I took my pill at noon and hit the sack at 1400. I slept through dinner but there was a microwave to reheat it. Derek and I were alternating 12 on and 12 off. Sort of.

I gave Derek a chain with 3 keys on it. The keys were to my desk, my storage cabinet that held the drugs and cigarettes and the gun safe. In the storage cabinet were my 50 cartons of Kool's, a dozen cartons of Marlboro's and the drugs. The Xanax was in the

desk and the guns in the gun safe. The pill kicked in and I slept until 2100. I got up, did the 3 S's and reheated my dinner. In the basement was a Sears's stacking washer/dryer unit. It wasn't very efficient and didn't take big loads, but I insisted that everyone shower once a day and wear clean clothes every day. It was good for morale and it helped keep the stink of 22 bodies down. I had a separate plastic bag for as many as 25 people. Each bag contained a toothbrush, toothpaste, a comb, 3 disposable razors and a stick of unscented deodorant. There were feminine supplies on one of the shelves, pads and tampons. I tried anyway.

My drug supplies included Sharon's and my prescriptions, 300 tablets of Vicodin ES, 100 tablets of Cipro, 100 capsules of Keflex, the 1,200 tablets of Xanax and not much more. Well, there were 4 IV administration sets and 4 1000-ml bags of saline. My medical equipment was limited to a trauma first aid kit, a stethoscope, 2 blood pressure measuring units, a wrist device and a regular cuff with aneroid dial and 3 blood sugar devices. I had my oxygen machine and a CPAP plus a nebulizer. Not much really. In order to get an oxygen concentrator that had a potential output of 10 liters, I had to buy my own. My oxygen Rx was for 2 liters so they wouldn't rent me a 10-liter machine.

I had syringes with short needles and enough insulin for a year. Ditto on my other prescriptions and Sharon's. Gunny Highway said improvise, adapt and overcome. It was pretty hard when you're depending on a doctor for prescriptions for some of those things. The 10LPM concentrator ran almost \$1,700 including shipping. I had one spare set of filters for it. My shopping list was growing. It included more antibiotics, morphine, syringes and needles, a home defibrillator, and any other medicine that stuck my fancy when we raided Wal-Mart's pharmacy. I definitely wanted Ringers, D5W, normal saline and a lot of IV admin sets. Derek could use them, thanks to his military training.

Day Four: The CD V-717 is no longer pegged. Actually, it had only been pegged for a few hours. When the radiation reading started to drop, I wanted to start a countdown timer in an Excel Spreadsheet. It took me the better part of a day to figure out that I didn't know how to do it. I didn't say it couldn't be done, I said I didn't know how to do it. I miss my Lotus 1-2-3. Plan B was to write down the date and time and add 343 hours to get a target date and time.

I almost always have a Plan B; I'm not a terrorist. However, I calculated the serial number for NOW()+14.29167 and entered the date/time serial number into a cell. I put the NOW() function in a second cell and the difference in a third cell. The difference was in days and fractions of a day and was close enough. It was all a matter of perspective. Every time I pressed the F9 key the countdown clock updated. To display the serial number of the NOW() function, change the cell format to general. Now you know. To get the exact amount to add to the original NOW() function; divide 343 (7³ hours) by 24. I must be autistic because I see numbers. The number to add is 14.29167.

Day Five: I gave everyone ½ of a chill pill TID, people were starting to get a little bit antsy. Me too. There was an AM radio station on the air, but it was too far away or too weak of a signal. I guess that means that more than just us survived. I told Derek to use

the earphones and to keep trying to find a radio station. It was a way to occupy our time and not be so concerned about what had happened. Yeah, like anyone could forget what had happened? A very large pot of chili was going. Good, I was wondering when she would get around to it. I was getting into a routine. I was up at 2100, on duty at 2200 and stayed on duty until 1200 when I took my pill. I stayed on duty until about 1300 and Derek took over until 2200 again. I wore the earphones as much to block out the background noise as to listen for a radio station.

My God, it just occurred to me. What if we had to stay in this shelter for 2,401 hours? I wonder if I have enough Xanax? I created a second formula to calculate the countdown to 2,401 hours. All I can say is that it was a spooky number. I counted out 300 Xanax for myself and put them up. I was starting to get mellow and I turned the desk duties over to Derek and Ronnie Joe.

Day Six: I must be taking too much Xanax, as I can hardly get awake. I am taking it exactly as prescribed, 0.5mg TID, e.g., one tablet every 8 hours. The shower wakes me up if I leave the water a little on the cool side. Since I don't have the duty anymore, I decided to revert to a normal schedule. I have to admit that I'm dying to try out the M14 rifle. One short burst will tell the entire story. It's going to be very embarrassing if it doesn't work. Sure makes for a weird looking rifle. Take a note Zelda: We need earphones for all of the kids for next time. These things happen in three's you know. The number to add to NOW() for 2,401 hours was 100.04167. Today I needed the comfort of an old friend so I sprayed the pits with some Old Spice deodorant.

Day Seven: Derek tells me he picked up a radio station in Missouri. They were playing Country Music and giving news updates at the top of the hour. The Chinese must have dumped most of their 400 nuclear weapons on the US. He said that there wasn't a China anymore. Well, I didn't figure there would be, to be perfectly honest. We could fire all 50 Peacekeepers and all 500 Minuteman missiles and still have 2,688 warheads where no one could find them. He says we wiped out North Korea, too. Right, one Peacekeeper would do that. If you screw with the bull, you get the horn. I wonder what Beijing was thinking? I don't really give a flip, but I am a little curious. Come to think of it, I don't really give a crap about much of anything; I'm going to cut the Xanax tablets in half. The CD V-717 is looking good; we may be about to get out of this zoo in 343 hours. I occurred to me that if we got all of their warheads, Russia must have gotten a free ride. Except that if Carl Sagan was right, nobody got a free ride.

Day Eight: The lower dose of Xanax is better. Now I'm only a little groggy. This stuff isn't for the timid. When we get a little closer to 343 hours, I'm going to cut out everything but the one tablet 2 hours before bedtime. I got the kid (Derek) to load up all 39 of my M14 magazines with 18 rounds per. When we went out, I'd top each mag off with 2 extra rounds; maybe, I would follow Derek's recommendation. At least Damon had enough meds for 30 days. It sort of helped. I didn't really realize how many M14 mags I had, the 2-dozen I bought with the M1A rifles and the extra 13 I bought from Eric the Ammoman, plus 2 more that the M14 came with. He loaded the 30-round magazines for the Mini-14s with 27 rounds per of SS109 (M855). Ditto if we went out, I'd top them off, too. Don't

forget I had 11 7-round magazines for my M1911. I guess that if I tried to take too much; I'd need a trailer for my wheelchair. They make trailers for motorcycles, do they make trailers for wheelchairs; it would be pretty handy if you bought a lot of groceries.

Day Nine: On a scale of 0-10, 10 being the highest level of aggravation, we were running about a 13. I told everyone to do 30 minutes on my exercise machine. They ignored me and Derek and Ronnie Joe enforced the suggestion. If I had been thinking, I would have had them doing that all along instead of feeding them ½ tablets of happy pills. Our home was 60' long and 36' wide. The basement had 2,160 square foot of floor space or 90 gross ft² per person. The Swiss said that you needed 10 ft² per person. I sure wouldn't want to be in a Swiss shelter. Most of the folks weren't short like Sharon and me. I really think that was the problem.

Several of the people smoked. Sharon didn't like that one dang bit. Fortunately, I had 6 smokeless ashtrays and we sent everyone to the little generator room to smoke. Mary's mother was helping with the cooking and Brenda and Jennifer were doing the dishes 3 times a day. So, what was the big deal? The big deal was probably the lack of privacy. There isn't any such thing, not since they passed the USA Patriot Act. The Bill of Rights doesn't enumerate a right of privacy. It is inferred from the Bill of Rights, primarily the 4th Amendment. Are you still checking out library books? Silly boy, you're on the FBI list now. Idle hands and idle minds are the Devil's playground. If you think I was po'd when they sent Derek to Kosovo and Iraq, it was nothing compared to now since Dubya had gotten us nuked.

Day Ten: Four days to go, right? Wrong! Five days, minimum. The CD V-717 hadn't stopped going up and started back down until Day Two. That's when I programmed the spreadsheet. I was trying to create a macro to force it to recalculate every 30 seconds. The spreadsheet shows Days, Hours and Minutes, not Seconds. We still had over 100 hours to go. Derek had changed the range on the survey meter down one click. It was starting off as another 3 Xanax day. There was squabbling and petty bickering. Apparently it went with the territory of being young. When Sharon and I were squabbling and bickering, we did it in silence.

I had time to do some figuring. 300R in 120 days translated into 2.5R per day. The radiation level would be 0.1% in 343 hours. I figured that would be about 500mR per hour. That would give everyone 5 hours a day out of the shelter. If they don't quit their bickering, I'm going to lock them out. I wonder how Bubba is doing? Not the cousin, the cop who stopped me for speeding in my wheelchair so he could see my Mini-14. You remember, Deputy John Brown, the abolitionist, from Harper's Ferry, Virginia. He talked a little bit like James Bond.

I took whole pills, not halves. Come on clock, tick. Faster! I didn't want to know what Derek and Ronnie Joe were hearing on the radio. It would look just like it had outside when we went into the shelter. Flippin wasn't on anybody's target list. All Missy wanted to do was sit on my lap. Chili for supper, yeah. Someone told Sharon to add spaghetti. I

gave Sharon *the look*. I never figured out why anyone would want to ruin chili by adding spaghetti.

Day Eleven: The clock is running mighty slowly. It felt like it was taking the second hand an hour to make a single sweep around the dial. I need a drink. It's just a good thing I don't have any booze in the basement. Not even those little airline bottles of medicinal brandy. Derek had a couple of bottles in his basement gun safe. Derek didn't have the air filtration system, yet. He'd run out of time and money. That's why they were here and not there. We'd have to jury rig something so they could move half of the people to Mary and his basement. Maybe we could rig a series of HEPA filters that we could borrow from Wal-Mart. Does Wal-Mart sell Wranglers? Dang.

I've decided to retire the greasy straw hat. From now on, I'm wearing my black hat. You can call me Black Gary. I need a Winchester lever action rifle, a .45 Colt revolver and a horse named Salina to make everything perfect. I don't ride, but Salina didn't walk. That horse must have known I was terrified. I hadn't been on a horse since and that was in '76. Tick, clock, that's an order. How long to supper? What do you mean, eat your breakfast? Quit looking at that package of spaghetti. I need 2 drinks, but I'm getting by. Xanax is nothing but freeze dried alcohol.

Day Twelve: Derek has his M40 gas mask and MOPP suit – at home. I could have found room in the shelter, trust me. I had charged up the sole CD V-138 200mR dosimeter I had and I was making sure we weren't getting any radiation in the basement. I built it good. The 2x8's were 12" on center. They held the concrete very well. It is pretty hard to overbuild something like that. Not with concrete weighing 145 per ft³.

I borrowed Sharon's CD player, got out my box of CD's and listened to my set of Time Life 50's and '60's music. The good old days, when music could be understood and made sense. It was mostly the boy-girl stuff. Johnny didn't wait and Roy had his Pretty Woman. Angels were popular for a while. Teen Angel and Earth Angel, remember? My favorite was *Only the Lonely*. I wonder why? No I don't, I figured that out a long time ago. It must be hell to get old. I sure hope it never happens to me. Get a move on, clock.

Day Thirteen: We dug out the CD V-715 and the CD V-742 dosimeters. I wasn't quite sure when to pass out the KI, so I did it today. They'd better get some of that stuff in their thyroids now. What do you mean, read the label? I can't – I left my reading glasses upstairs. It got really rushed towards the end, waiting for the world to end. Maybe this was all a dream and I was going to wait up any minute. I should be so lucky. I stopped taking Xanax because I'm going to need a clear head in a couple of days. I told Derek to take the padlock off the door. If they want to make a run for it, it's fine with me.

First thing I'm going to do is run a magazine through the M14 and find out if it works. They must have scared the living crap out of me in the '50's. I've been planning for the end of the world since I was 13-years-old. I long ago decided that it isn't if, it's only when. I think that I came to that conclusion in October of 1962, 12 B-47 bombers with

nuclear weapons aboard. I guess they would have gone to Cuba. They called the B-52 a BUFF. It was an acronym for Big Ugly Fat, er, 'Fellow'. Personally, I like the B-1B bomber, if you could keep them in the air. 3 weapons bays. Sleek, swing-wing, they looked fast, nap of the earth at a jillion miles an hour. Come on, clock.

Day Fourteen: Less than 36 hours to go. They're bickering again. Who cares WHO started it? It happened. It's over. It only lasted 80-minutes. Now is when we're going to have the real trouble. Ever heard of Carl Sagan? Nuclear Winter? Isotopes with half-lives of forever? EMP? Why do you think I gave you the KIO_3 ? We aren't going outside and have a Labor Day picnic, you know. I didn't drop the M14 when Bubba tossed it to me and I was never any good at playing catch. However, I could visualize Jack Webb in my face about me dropping my rifle. This is my rifle and this is my gun... this one's for shooting and this one's for fun. Don't get old – it's very unbecoming.

*Wait for me wait for me Johnny please wait for me
I'll grow up just as fast as I can...*

Day Fifteen: The countdown clock is down to a single digit in hours, Thank God! I'm rearing to go. They can lug that wheelchair up the stairs, they got it down here. I should have ordered a left-handed M1911 holster. Then I could be 2-gun Black Gary. Wait, I only have one M1911. For now. I used tape and a brush and got all of the lint off of my black hat. I sprayed it with ScotchGard. Maybe the lint won't stick, now. I'm fussing like a little old lady. Anxious? Who's anxious? I shined up my Laredo boots and oiled the zippers. Just a little drop of gun oil. I found my pair of Wranglers after all. Memo to self: Don't breathe. I know where I can get a .45 Colt Winchester rifle and a .45 Colt caliber revolver. We'll swipe a pickup and I'll be a modern cowboy. Green or brown, Flame Red won't cut it.

Free at last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty, we are free at last! This will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with a new meaning "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing. Land where my fathers died, land of the pilgrim's pride, from every mountainside, let freedom ring."

I have a dream today. It's more like a nightmare. Everything looks normal, but the CD V-715 says 500mR. We rushed to Wal-Mart, busted down a back door and did our shopping. I stood guard with my trusty M14 rifle. They got everything on my list. It was a short list. We hit the hospital and got IV stuff. We hit the gun store and got me the rifle, revolver and all of their .45 Colt ammo. They even had a fast draw rig that fit. Derek had Rambo III to a razor's edge for me – top and bottom. I ain't Jim Bowie or Paladin. I'm just a senile, crazy old Iowan from Kalifornia living in Flippin, Arkansas. I speak 3 words of the southern dialect: y'all, Bubba and hear. Not a difficult language to master.

Damon and Derek and their families moved to Derek's basement and they got the HEPA filters working. I lent him my CD V-715. Mary's folks went with them. We were down to 10 people in our basement, the ones that bickered. I'm starting to like grits and southern fried chicken. We left a note at Wal-Mart and told them, *Thanks*. Wal-Mart has

plenty of weapons; but they're a little short on certain sizes of ammo, now. They ran out of Xanax, Vicodin, antibiotics, Humalin and a few other drugs when we left. The hospital had plenty of morphine and syringes and a regular defibrillator. We borrowed the entire crash cart. They didn't object either. I don't know if it was the masks or the guns. I said Hey to Bubba on the way back home in my shiny new Brown Dodge RAM 3500 Crew Cab with the Cummins 5.9L turbo diesel engine and the 12k Warn winch lying in the long bed. Bubba was going the other way, someone had held up the hospital.

It must have been some junkies. They took morphine, syringes, IV admin sets, IV solutions, including antibiotics, and of all things, a crash cart. The hospital had 3 and I figured that they could spare one. BTW, Wal-Mart is out of cigarettes, Folgers coffee and a lot of things, including some Wrangler look-a-likes. First come, first served. That's the way it's always been and that's the way it will always be.

I did talk to some guy named Bruce. I lied and said we were from Mountain Home. It's just down the road a piece. We didn't go to Osage Beach; I lied again, for the sake of the story. We should have, I heard later that they had access to a bunch of government caches. We didn't get the SINCGARS radios, at first. The ones we found didn't work. Damon did take a Flame Red pickup, but he kept it. He found it in Mountain Home, along with our other new pickups. They were having a fire sale or something. Said he got them really cheap. He even got both sets of keys for each pickup so I can only imagine he bought them. We sent Brenda and Jennifer and their families to Cedar Hill and got Amy and Lorrie and their families in exchange. Can I swap back? I want an elephant gun, too!

On November 9, 2008 the CD V-717 wasn't registering hardly anything, even on the lowest scale. We were finally out of the basement, full time. That was the ultimate freedom. It was pretty darn cold and it snowed early on until the atmosphere exhausted the moisture. After, it was very cold and very windy. I liked that Bruce fella on the radio but I was leery. For all I knew, he could be a Russian spy. I most certainly wasn't about to find out.

Derek and Mary started out by renting a home in Gassville. They later bought a home in Flippin. She did that while he was in Iraq trying to commit suicide. And no, I don't think the calderas really blew up. Maybe, but I really think it was a rumor started by the media so they could grab a headline. Yes, the sky got dark for a while, but I just thought it was the weather. It did get pretty cold for a couple of years. I was busy working in my basement, you know. Pouring concrete and making blocks. Getting reacquainted with muscles I didn't know I had. I wore the back brace because it held in my hernia. That came from the Whipple Procedure I'd had.

Cancer saves a lot of lives. It saved Ron's and later mine; except that it turned out I didn't have cancer. They took out the parts anyway. Life is full of contradictions. So is this story. Tough, that just means the story is more like life, in some ways. It is intended as entertainment and perhaps contains a lesson or two. Take what you can use and leave the rest behind. Buy a generator. Store some food. Toilet paper. At least get a

shotgun. You don't have to buy a survey meter; you can use the 7/10 Rule. When will it happen? When it happens, and not a minute sooner. Will it happen? I'll put my money on it, even if it's a long shot. Will we know in advance? Yes or no – that's the answer, not a question. Watch Geraldo, he'll draw you a map.

If you can get out early while everyone is still ducking and covering, you can do pretty well and they will blame it on looters. Leave them a note and tell them you'll pay for it later. They like that, you know. On second thought, don't leave the note. They use forensic science these days and they'll get you. John Law has very long arms and a microscope. LAPD SWAT has Kimber .45s. They also have unserviced Barrett rifles. Don't even think about stealing rifles from Ronnie Barrett. Unless you can get all of the weapons and ammo from his factory and the several he undoubtedly has at home. That's because if he ever figures out it was you, he'll probably arrange a product demonstration at no charge. Guess what Ronnie will use for a target? 600-yards...

If Flippin, Arkansas got 500R, how much radiation did a place like Little Rock get? What if it were 10 times as much? That's 5,000R and the 7/10 Rule still applies. $7=10\%$, $7^2=1\%$, $7^3=0.1\%$, etc. 10% of 5,000 = 500. $1\% = 50$. 343 hours = 5R. 2,401 hours = 500mR. At 500mR, you can't be exposed to radiation for more than 5 hours per day. 2,401 times 7 = 16,807 hours. That is equal to 700 days and 7 hours. That will get the radiation level to 50mR. The daily limit is, again, 2,500mR. Or, no more than 104mR per hour for 24 hours a day and that will get you to the limit of 300R in 120 days. You don't want to get the limit. Half of the limit would be more than enough. How much food is in your shelter? If you live in a place like Little Rock, WW III happens and they nuke you, you'll have to leave town. Period.

Did you think I attached the OSB to the bottom of those joists? How could Derek have put his head between the joists if I had done that? Derek is about yea so tall, I have to look up to him and I'd have to stand on a stool to look him in the eye. Sorry if there was a misunderstanding. The screws were to hold them in place. There wasn't room to swing a hammer and did you ever try to drive a nail through OSB? If you have to drill a hole anyway, so why not use a screw?

TEOTWAWKI, Too! – Part III – Flippin – Chapter 3 – Freedom

Is a seven-letter word. Dr. Martin Luther King had a dream and he wanted freedom. James Earl Ray set Dr. King free. I rather doubt it was what Dr. King had in mind. However, Dr. King was indeed free. No longer would he have to look into the faces of people who scorned him and what he represented. Do you dream when you die? I could care. When you're dead you're dead. Anything else is a bonus. I have a new coal shovel, just in case. I also have a new M14 rifle and a new Beretta Colt .45 S&W with a 5½" barrel and a Winchester model 94 in .45 Colt (Legacy with a 24" barrel). No horse named Salina, but I named my new pickup Salina. They aren't real cowboy boots, but they sort of look like it. I'm not a real cowboy, either, but I try to dress like one. I rubbed dog poop on the boots and tossed on some dust so I sort of look like a cowboy. Saturday Night Cowboys don't have poop on their boots. Poop is poop, who cares what kind of poop it is?

Jerry's question on the particleboard was very legit. Personally, I hate particleboard but it's inexpensive and 2 laminated sheets were strong, as long as you didn't get it wet. However, 2 sheets of particleboard cost about the same as one sheet of ¾" plywood. People don't always use their heads for more than holding their hats, I didn't. Still don't. I don't have a driver's license in Arkansas, either. I hope Bubba doesn't really want to see it or my registration, because I don't have either. Nice pickup, if you like a Dodge. I happen to like the Cummins engine more than anything else. It's a diesel, you know. I only have a single alternator and battery because they don't come with two. Not off the lot anyway. Or maybe Damon's picker is broken. It runs in the family. Broken pickers. Damon's problem is that he looks like me and thinks a lot like me.

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Michael's glove didn't fit and Arnold wants a special election, which the Democrats say is wasteful. So is having a legislative session and not passing any meaningful legislation. Media circus on TV tonight. I wonder if the jury enjoyed Larry King Live?

◦

This is the town...

Flippin, Arkansas...

I live here...

I'm disabled and retired...

I ain't a detective, but I heard some are looking for me... They'd better be wearing bulletproof vests. I have a whole cabinet full of guns and thousands of rounds of ammo.

I was working the day watch out of my living room. It was the week before Thanksgiving. The world had ended on July 31st, 2008 around 4:40pm, local time. Well, not my

world, I'm really a Martian named Uncle Martin (He died in 2001 of Lupus). I'm just visiting, like my friend FT. It was snowing; big white flakes. I was worried because I was down to my last 150 cartons of cigarettes and last 300 cans of Folgers coffee. Not all of the cigarettes were Kool's, but I had a jar of Vick's. Humor might seem out of place in the scenario, but what are you going to do? You can't undo it and getting on your knees and praying will comfort your soul but not protect your body.

The M14 rifle protects a body. So do most large caliber firearms. The problem is that there are about 200 million firearms in the United States and I don't own them all, contrary to rumor. I was 65 years old on my last birthday and have a couple of minor health issues. I'm relatively certain that I'm going to live until I die. I'm not in any hurry to do that, die I mean. I'm not above doing whatever it takes for my family and me to survive. I sent Derek the long way around to get to the Pine Bluff Arsenal. I told him nothing too exotic, just the usual survival story stuff.

Do your kids listen to you? Mine listen just fine, but they don't hear so well. He brought back M16A4 rifles with the M203 grenade launchers attached. He had a ton, literally, of .223 ammo, all of it the M995 AP and M996 Dim Tracer rounds, in belts. He had both types of C-4, the blocks and the sheets, 40mm grenades, M67 hand grenades, smoke grenades, incendiary grenades, and a box of M9 Beretta pistols, perhaps to use as doorstops. By the usual, I meant M2HB, M240B and M249 machine guns – he didn't have any. An Mk 19 would have been nice – nope. We had enough .22 (.223) caliber rifles to set up a shooting gallery. I forgave him because he had a dozen SINCGARS radios and the antennas.

After Kosovo and Iraq, Derek didn't think much of land mines and he didn't get any Claymores. I made a list of what Derek didn't get and sent Damon. Anyone need a machinegun? LAW rocket? Claymore mine? The 180-pound (including ammo) Ma Deuce with tripod? An 81-mm mortar? See Damon. He has it in the semi tractor-trailer rig he borrowed. He takes gold and silver, if you're from out of town.

Need some of the M821A1/M889A1, HE Cartridges that are used with the M252 Mortar System? How many? Need a M252 mortar? Same question. The mortars are \$25 grand, that's what they cost the military. They weren't as easy to use as I thought. The number of propelling charges varied according to the range, max was about 6 clicks.

What inevitably won every war until modern times, and maybe then, was the infantryman and his weapon, these days, his rifle. Air power may be nice, but what do you do when you don't have a Squadron of F-22 Raptors? You put on your boots and ALICE gear and grab your – rifle. Why would we need that kind of armament in Flippin? The radiation level in Little Rock reached 5,000R. People weren't stupid, they ran. I'm danged if I know why the Yankees won the Civil War, maybe the Rebs ran out of ammo. Arkansas fielded 17 units, mostly Regiments, including 4 Calvary, 2 Artillery and 11 Infantry. Company A, Flippin's Battalion Arkansas Cavalry, CSA, was one of those units. You wouldn't find many rifles around Flippin that people didn't know how to use. Nice

little town, a little hilly, very few straight roads and Ozark Mountain country. The fishing is very good, when it's warm enough.

I didn't bother getting another M1911. My left hand is too numb to hold a handgun. The ScotchGard worked a lot better than whatever I used before, nothing, I think. The Laredo's really hurt my feet so I wasn't wearing them, except when people were looking. When they weren't looking, I had on my bedroom slippers, the moccasins. Carly Simon was never around when you need a lyric – *You're so vain...* It was music that made sense, not a lot of sense, but... maybe 1972 - 73?

I had a total of bunch of PMI magazines and I had 7 of those 3-magazine magazine pouches on my web gear, plus the other in the rifle. Do you have any idea how much 21 mags of .223 ammo weighs? About 3½-times as much as the usual 7 magazines of .223 ammo, that's how much. It does add up. I made a bracket for the wheelchair and hung 3 magazine pouches on each side. Then, I could carry either 12 M14 magazines or 24 Mini-14 magazines. AR15 and M16 magazines won't work in a Mini-14. That's ok, Mini-14 magazines won't work in an AR15 or M16. If you shoot 24 30-round magazines through your Mini-14, you'll probably melt the barrel. To test the M4-FA suppressor, Surefire fired 1,500 rounds through a M4/M16 as fast as they could load the magazines. The suppressor glowed cherry red. The barrel of the M16 was burnt out. But the suppressor passed the test. It was as quiet at the end as it was in the beginning of the test.

So successful was the M4-FA, Surefire brought out FA suppressors for the 7.62mm rifle. Is a Springfield M25 Sniper rifle the same thing as a M1A? The new number of the M4-FA is the FA556A. The model number of the 7.62 suppressor is the FA762S (Fast-Attach, 7.62, sniper). The claim is that the baffles in 556 suppressor are good for 30,000 rounds. Assuming the 762 suppressor uses the same patented baffle material... the product is warranted for one year. The Surefire suppressors seem to lack that first round pop, or so I've heard. Take that any way you want to.

Yes sir, I needed me some suppressors. Ain't gonna happen, unless I can find a class III dealer around here. I guess I should have thought about that before the end of the world. The laws are far too complicated, to understand. It more or less gives one a choice of, well never mind... Since I don't have anything remotely like any class III weapons, I'd better not suggest that I do. They will come looking and tear apart the walls of my house, looking for what I don't have. And then, they'll say tough. It's happened before. It will happen again. It happened in LA not all that long back. They (LAPD) said tough. It was on the news.

Like I said, I had the day watch. I was sitting in my wheelchair in the living room keeping an eye on the road. We didn't know if anyone made it out of Little Rock or not. If they had a shelter and hunkered down for a couple of weeks, they might be able to make a mad dash for it. They could possibly end up in our area because we weren't all that far from Bull Shoals. 500R/hr for a brief period might not kill you. I'm not really certain because we're talking about 500R/hr. If they showed up and wanted hep and asked rather than insisted, we might hep them. 5 words now, I guess. They might not have a survey

meter and might be depending on the 7/10 rule. Remember, the rule is a statement radiation decay levels. For every 7 fold increase in time the radiation is reduced to 10% of the previous level.

If they showed up and tried to take what they wanted, they'll learn about Derek and Damon's little trips to Pine Bluff, the hard way. I'm an Iowan from Kalifornia, just trying to fit in with some people, some of whom still think the Civil War hadn't really ended. I'll let guys like Bubba take the lead and I'll back up best I can. Of course living on the west side of town puts me in the position to notice visitors first. Any of the locals who wanted anything that either of the boys brought back were welcome to share, free. I had what I wanted, the select fire M14 and the Cowboy Guns. I'd never fired an automatic weapon until I test fired the M14. I'd held it tightly to my shoulder and it still kicked the crap out of me. I was 65, not a snotty nosed 20-year-old kid built like Arnold. And the rifle was heavy, around 11+ pounds with a 20-round magazine. I had hoped none of this would happen in my lifetime. Wish in one hand... see which one fills the fastest. Be sure to wear rubber gloves.

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Stores like Costco and Wal-Mart sell latex exam gloves. They aren't sterile. But, like a condom, they prevent the transmission of disease, both ways. They aren't that expensive, buy a box. They come small, medium and large. A few simple products like Betadine, Hydrogen Peroxide, 90% (not the 70% standard stuff, but it will do) Isopropyl Alcohol are inexpensive and should be in your first aid kit. Betadine Microbicides are the leading antiseptics in US hospitals today. Only povidone-iodine, as in Betadine Microbicides, is capable of killing all classes of pathogens responsible for nosocomial infections: gram-positive and gram-negative bacteria, including antibiotic-resistant strains and spores (both bacterial and fungal), as well as viruses, mycobacteria and protozoa. Today, gram-negative strains comprise over one-third of bacteria isolated from hospital-acquired infections, and some commonly used antiseptics are ineffective against these organisms.

Sixteen ounces of Betadine costs about \$6. You can get the 90% Alcohol at Target. It's less expensive. Get the 70% if you can't find the 90%. You can also add suture kits and the like. There may come a day when you have no choice except to sew up a wound yourself. Sterilized needle and thread will do in a pinch. So might a disposable scalpel or two and some hemostats. If you keep an Epi-pen, remember, when they expire, they're expired. Period. I am not a doctor, and this is not medical advice; it is some of what my curious mind picked up over the years. Antibiotics also get old and ineffective. You can push the expiration date, a little. Learn what triage means and learn to do it.

Heart attack patients should be given 325mg of aspirin, immediately and nitro if they use it. A defibrillator isn't cheap, a couple of grand at least. They work by stopping the heart and allowing the heart to restart with a normal sinus rhythm. You may have to use CPR to get it going if it doesn't start on its own. Certain types of heart attack are fatal, period. That doesn't mean that you shouldn't try. Take a class. They're moderately in-

expensive. Take a Combat Lifesaver class if you can find one. You will learn to establish an IV and some very important information about the types of wounds you see in a war-like situation. Pop with the dough and buy a Special Forces Medical Handbook, it's worth it. Don't put anything in your kit you don't know how to use. Dessert Doc was a specially trained Combat Medic. Even he has his limits.

Having all the rifles or weapons in the world won't do you any good if you don't have ammo and know how to use the weapon. I've never killed anybody, except in my stories. I think I could if the situation called for it. That's a very large maybe. I hope that if it comes to that, I haven't just eaten. They say you get used to it, I hope not. Some things are easier talked about than done.

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"Ronald McDonald calling Gar-Bear. Ronald McDonald calling Gar-Bear. Are you there?"

"Hey butthead, what's happening in Cedar Hill?"

"Same stuff, different day. Did your kids get there?"

"Yeah, do you want them back? I'll buy the gas."

"Negatory, good buddy. I got mine, ain't that enough? How many armories have you hit?"

"None."

"I don't believe that."

"We hit an arsenal."

"How many Wal-Marts?"

"One, so far."

"You're losing your touch."

"We didn't need much."

"Any heavy duty firepower?"

"The usual."

"Bouncing Betty's?"

“Couldn’t find any. Claymores. LAWs.”

“Is old Ma Deuce visiting?”

“Both of them. They brought some smaller friends.”

“Do tell.”

“Not over the radio, do you have a SINCGARS?”

“Negatory.”

“Get one, then we’ll talk. What about John and Kevin?”

“I’m not worried about John, he’s an armed guard by profession. He wouldn’t even have left for work when the balloon went up.”

“What about Kevin?”

“He’s not here, that’s all that counts.”

“Right, same stuff, different day.”

“Rog. Keep your power dry.”

“Hey, shoot any elephants yet?”

“Negatory, got me a Hummer.”

“Close enough. KD6GDQ clear.”

“Same time plus 72. Ronald McDonald clear.”

o

Did he mean he acquired a Hummer or killed one with his elephant gun? I’ll have to ask him in 3 days. They moved the radio equipment upstairs for me. I couldn’t be on the day watch and talk on the radio at the same time if they hadn’t. First shift is 8am to 4pm, etc. We call it the day watch. My computer desk is in front of the window and the radios are one side and the monitor the other. That way I can see out the window and watch for those MZB’s.

Damon had a reproduction German Imperial War Helmet with the spike. One day some bikers came rolling into town. He put on the German helmet, fired up his Harley and joined them. All they wanted was some gas and had silver coins to pay for it. It only seemed prudent to the town elders to sell them some gas. Two silver quarters and 3 sil-

ver dimes per gallon. Silver was way up, I guess. Remember, before TSHTF, silver was trading at an average 5 times face value and it had to be worth double that by now (\$8.00 per gallon). Gas must be getting hard to find. Not all bikers are MZB's – is it just the ones from Texas? No, it's mostly the ones from Kalifornia.

“My Momma told me not to judge a book by its cover.”

“What else did your Momma tell you?”

“My Momma always said, ‘Life was like a box of chocolates. You never know what you’re gonna get.’” (The most used line in the movie.)

Make that 6 words now: y'all, Bubba, hear, hep, stupit and winder. One of these days, you'll have to start calling me Johnny Yuma. Amy said that the only difference between Linda and Sharon was that there wasn't any difference between Linda and Sharon. They were both codependents, big time. That probably explains why they married Ron and me. A codependent will drive you to drink; she'll also drive you for a drink or buy it for you and then bitch if you drink it. Hey, I don't make it all up. Codependents ain't like a box of chocolates, you always know what you're going to get. They say ain't in Iowa, too, as in I ain't got no... Yankees aren't all that different, it was the Yankee politicians, they didn't like. Reconstruction meant: take all you can get.

o

“Hey Gar-Bear, you there?”

“Hey uglier than me, did you shoot a Hummer with the elephant gun or acquire one?”

“Yep.” – I'm glad I asked.

“What kind of Hummer did you shoot, male or female?”

“An up-armored Hummer.”

“What did you buy?”

“Borrowed. 2006 H1-Alpha.”

“When are you coming to Flippin?”

“Not until spring – maybe never, I'd have to tow a trailer of fuel.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, I can get to the store, and back, on a half tank.” – Figures, the store was 20 miles away.

“Damon got me a pickup.”

“Brown or green?”

“Brown. Cummins 5.9L turbo diesel.”

“I never cared for a Dodge.”

“I named it Salina.”

“You must have gotten the cowboy guns.”

“I borrowed some, yes.”

“Did you get a M82A1?”

“I’m afraid of Ronnie Barrett.”

“Gotta go, Linda is calling me for breakfast.”

“It’s the middle of the afternoon.”

“It’s lunchtime here. Ronald McDonald clear.”

“KD6GDQ, clear.” – Breakfast? Linda must have been hungry. Sharon fixes me lunch at 3pm and dinner at 5pm; and then wonders why I’m not hungry. I have a pout on. I got the last scoop of ice cream out of the carton and then Sharon wanted to know if there was more. That ice cream never got eaten. My pouter doesn’t have an off switch.

o

We had turkey for Thanksgiving. It looked more like Iowa than Iowa did. The snow had stopped falling, until the next time it snowed. Some people showed up from Little Rock with guns insisting we hep them. We heped them, into a grave. Didn’t even shoot and I still puked.

“Pass the dressing. Why do you always fix 2 kinds of potatoes for Thanksgiving?”

“I don’t like gravy on sweet potatoes.”

The bad news was that there wasn’t any good news. Dubya was holed up at one of those super-secret shelters they’d built. Probably hiding from the public. I’m taking both of my votes back. It was just like eating peanuts and who could vote for Band-Aid John? Kalifornia finally went to computers for elections. They were more complicated than the

punch cards. No, they didn't hang (Chad Everett) – he was still making movies, blockbusters like Star Command. What does straight to video mean?

◦

“What do you want for supper?”

“I haven't had breakfast.”

“I can fix pancakes.”

“With Aunt Jemima and real butter? Ok.”

“How many do you want?”

“Why does it matter? You always fix me two. You make them too big to fit on the griddle and the first one gets cold before the second is finished. Did you ever think of making them a tiny bit smaller and making 4 at once? Why don't you make enough batter so you can have 2 pancakes, too? You only ever make enough batter for three pancakes and then give me a dirty look.”

“The recipe on the box says it's for 4 pancakes.”

“Then divide the batter 4 ways.” – It's rocket science.

◦

They put me to sleep and the doctor used his tube to see if the sun was shining. I told him to wake me when it was over and that I didn't require him to return the parts he'd removed. He said I was full of beans. I could have told him that, kidney beans, pinto beans and paquitos. He couldn't find the sun and wanted to come down from the top.

◦

“It's too cold.”

“Six months ago it was too hot. Wait, the weather will change, it always does.”

“If we're going to have a Nuclear Winter, shouldn't we keep taking KIO₃ tablets?”

“It refers to the cause, not the effect.”

“Could you explain that?”

“No. I'm going to be 66 on my next birthday. I don't have time.”

o

“Why do you insist on having so many Assault Rifles?”

“Someone might Assault us?”

“You’re just looking for an excuse to shoot someone.”

“Are you volunteering?”

It was a match made in Heaven. They shovel coal in Heaven, did you know? Trust me on this. I wasn’t a bargain either. They don’t put people like Ron and me on sale. Spring came. It was right after the Nuclear Winter. It couldn’t have been too nuclear; the CD V-717 never clicked once.

o

“Let’s drive out to Cedar Hill and see Ron and Linda.”

“Can we get fuel?”

“I have one of those 98-gallon cross-bed fuel tanks in Salina.”

“Where did you get that?”

“I borrowed it.”

“Why?”

“For a while.”

TEOTWAWKI, Too! – Part III – Flippin – Chapter 4 – Cedar Hill

The boys got me an auxiliary fuel tank for Salina for Christmas of 2008. Not the in the bed kind, the other kind that held 35-gallons that fit underneath something. I borrowed the 98-gallon cross-bed tank, all on my own. I got Bubba to install it. $70 + 98 = 168$. I figured I had a cruising range of 2,500 miles. Fuel was \$4 a gallon, unless you had a motorcycle and were from out of town. Then, it was \$8 a gallon. It was only discriminatory if you didn't sell them fuel, not if you gouged them. Besides, our guns were bigger than the bikers'; a Ma Deuce wouldn't fit on a Harley, Damon tried. Bubba is ok, as long as you fly the Confederate Battle Flag and try to learn the language. He'll overlook you being a Yankee, as long as you're not a Yankee politician.

Arizona didn't exist at the time of the Civil War, as a state. If it had, it probably would have been a Southern State like Texas. John McCain is from Arizona, consequently, Bubba considered John McCain to be a Southern Senator. Bubba voted for John McCain for President in 2008, even though he wasn't on the ballot. Bubba said that wuz wut pincils waz fer. I really like Bubba; the guy that gave me the rifle, not the Deputy. If the Deputy had given me a rifle instead of a hard time, I'd have liked him, too. Bubba, the Deputy came back that day and asked us if we'd seen any masked men carrying guns in or around the hospital. We told him no, we'd been looting Wal-Mart at the time. Maybe I do like the Deputy after all. He was real smart and understood that we couldn't be in two places at the same time.

o

On the 1st of May, when the Ruskie have their big parade, we set off to see Ronald McDonald in Cedar Hill. I made the mistake of asking where Cedar Hill was on the radio. You obviously know what he told me, except he added a damn. I didn't know that Ronald was into hydro electrical power. (Same damn place it's always been.)

Sharon was still mad at me because China attacked the US. We didn't talk the entire drive from Flippin to Cedar Hill. Or, maybe she was angry because the CD V-717 hadn't clicked once during the Nuclear Winter and I kept insisting that Carl Sagan had been right and we were having a Nuclear Winter. Or, maybe she was angry because I was pushing the pickup really fast and going 55mph. Or, maybe she was still mad over the bowl of Spumoni ice cream in the freezer I refused to eat.

Or, maybe she didn't appreciate my sense of humor and the crack that Damon and Derek didn't have anything contagious. She explained to me all the way back from the doctor's office how many sacrifices she'd made for the boys and how they never sent me Christmas Cards or anything. I made the crack when she told me I was only dreaming if I thought she'd move to Arkansas. She'd buy me an airplane ticket and I could visit Derek in Arkansas. I said I wouldn't go without her and they didn't have anything contagious. It was a bad case of foot-in-mouth disease, but I may recover, eventually.

Next Christmas, I'm just going to tell her not to spend any of my income on presents for my boys. She can spend all of my income for presents for her girls. Amy is only my daughter when she does something wrong. The boys are mine, all of the time, regardless of what they did, good or bad. We're talking a mixed marriage here, hers, mine and ours. It worked in the movies. Twice. *Yours, Mine and Ours* (1968) and *With Six You Get Eggnog* (1968). It worked on TV, *The Brady Bunch* (1969); why didn't it work for us? It probably wasn't supposed to. Up to her death, my first wife, a religious woman, had been praying every day that Sharon's and my marriage would not work. It may have comforted her soul, but she died of lung cancer even though she didn't smoke. Praying will save your soul; you need a M14 to protect your body.

o

"Long time."

"3 years."

"How have you been?"

"Better."

"Better than what?"

"Now. Why don't you shut up and let me see your elephant gun."

"Can I trust you?"

"God, I hope not."

"What did you bring me?"

"A select fire M14 rifle with 7 magazines. I brought brass Robert and you can reload for ammo."

"Did you bring bullets, powder and primers?"

"No. If I was going to do that, I would have brought you new ammo."

"Let me see your Colt."

"Here. Have you hit Barstow yet?"

"Can't get the fuel. How do you like the truck?"

"Not half as much as I like that H1 Alpha."

“Wanna trade?”

“Wanna a fat lip?”

“I just asked.”

“I just answered. Steal anything from Wal-Mart lately?”

“Not since tomorrow, no.”

“Let’s go to Barstow, it is only 700 miles. We’ll leave the women here and Sharon can tell Linda what a butthead I am and Linda can tell Sharon all about you.”

“What do we need at Barstow?”

“You need some 7.62x51mm ammo. I need some bouncing betties.”

“What do you need those for?”

“A while.” – It’s the same question as why. “I can give them back if they don’t blow up.”

“Well Gar-Bear are you sure you have enough gas?”

“I have plenty of gas, we eat lots of beans. I have about $\frac{2}{3}$ of my diesel fuel left, too.”

“Who’s on first?”

“Have you heard from Clarence?”

“Nope.”

“John?”

“Nope.”

“Kevin?”

“Fortunately, no. You got a smoke?”

“I brought you 25 cartons.”

“Where did you steal those?”

“Wal-Mart, they used to have everything.”

“We have the same problem here. Wal-Mart isn’t what it used to be. Not since we went shopping.”

“Why didn’t you steal smokes?”

“Somebody beat us to it.”

“Figures. You’re going to be late for your own funeral.”

“Is that a promise?”

“All I can promise to do is get you there early.”

o

You can tell we’re friends, right? I’m holding his Winchester model 70 African .458 rifle and he has my SAA. Both are loaded. No shots have been fired. They make those Surefire Suppressors in Kalifornia, but you knew that, right? The factory is only a couple of hours from Barstow in Fountain Valley. I’m sure glad Fountain Valley didn’t take a direct hit. Surefire also makes a suppressor for the M240B.

Emergency newsbreak:

7.0 - moment magnitude (Mw); Tuesday, June 14, 2005 at 07:50:54 PM (PDT). It was off the northern California coast (Crescent City). The USGS issued a tsunami warning, but cancelled it after an hour. The USGS knew better. Do you remember what I taught you? That 7.0 earthquake isn’t “likely” to generate much of a tsunami; however, what if it had been a 9.3? Sis’s fiction would be a reality. All of our horror stories about doom and gloom can come true. Most of them will, eventually. You’d better wait on that generator; the hurricane is still 5 miles off the coast. Using candles in the wind might be hard, but hey...

Update: After grilling by the FOX News channel, USGS confessed that the movement in the quake was lateral (slip-fault), not vertical. There is only a 5% chance that the earthquake was a precursor to something bigger. FOX News seemed disappointed.

The only tsunami to ever hit the continental US hit Crescent City after the 1964 Alaskan Earthquake and killed 11 people. It took from 7:50pm until 8:14pm, 24 minutes, for Crescent City to activate their sirens and begin to evacuate. The quake was maybe 90 miles away. How fast does a tsunami move? If it’s faster than 150mph, Crescent City has a problem. A tsunami is not a single wave, but a series of waves that can travel across the ocean at speeds of more than 500 miles an hour. In the deep ocean, hundreds of miles can separate wave crests; many people have lost their lives during tsunamis after returning home thinking the waves had stopped. Oh, oh.

Now that Michael's glove doesn't fit, what are they going to report? No sweat, Geraldo works for FOX; he'll make up something. Did you see Al Capone's safe? The stuff from the Titanic? The map in the sand? Any questions?

o

We don't have hurricanes or tsunamis in Arkansas, just humidity. We found fuel at a truck stop in the Barstow area. Ron held them off with his elephant gun while I filled my tanks. The guy insisted that he didn't want any money; he just wanted us to leave. I didn't argue. The M-16 mine is a neat little gadget. I picked up a few extra; see Damon.

The M16A2 is a cylindrical, steel bodied, bounding Anti-personnel mine, which is designed to wound or kill by fragmentation. The mine resembles a large tin can; it has a crimped upper edge and a threaded fuze cavity offset from center on top of the body. A tubular pronged fuze (M605 pull/pressure) is screwed into the cavity and the mine is ready for use. Pull of 1.5 kg on a tripwire or pressure of 3.5 kg on one of three prongs on top of the M605 actuates the mine. When actuated the mine bounds approximately 1.5 meters into the air and explodes, scattering fragmentation to a radius of 30 meters. The mine has an emplaced life expectancy (70% chance of functioning as designed) of 8 years in temperate zones with clay soil and up to 12 years in a tropical environment. The M16 series of bounding mines can be located visually or with metal detectors under most field conditions. The M16A2 is the latest of the M16 series bounding mines, which have been developed since the 1950's. Earlier versions include the M16 and M16A1, which are heavier and have the fuze cavity centered on top. The basic concept for bounding mines was first used by the Germans in WWII and has been widely copied. Present Status: Fielded.

Clinton lied, again. And you want to put her in office for 8 more years? Remember, they're a matched set. ...and to the Democracy for which it stands. I'm a political creature, what can I say? I also know a little history. I can read, too – it says the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed. The NRA elected me to their NRA-ILA Defender of the 2nd Amendment Award. Translation: they need money. I can spare \$20 for the mass produced certificate. They can put my name in the NRA-ILA Hall of Freedom and make it easier for the ATF to find me. I can join that; all it takes is money.

o

Where was I, Barstow or Fountain Valley? Since we held up the truck stop after we got back from Fountain Valley after we'd been to the Marine Corp Depot, we must be just outside of Barstow going eastbound, pedal to the metal at 55mph. You get better fuel economy at 55mph, or so Richard Nixon claimed. I didn't know that the USMC intended to field the M82A1 or the M107; I thought that those were Army programs. Both of the weapons weighed more than Ron's elephant gun. We each had two pair – the hand was a draw. See how much fun ambiguous statements can be? We got Ron some of the M993 ammo for his M14. The M993 is a 7.62-mm AP cartridge, which provides an AP capability for the M60 machine gun, and the M24 sniper rifle. It works just fine in an

M240B and an M14. We also had some of the Raufoss .50 caliber ammo, in for a penny (d), in for a pound (£); they could only lock us up once.

Sharon was anxious to leave because Ron and Linda smoked in every room of their home. I slipped her a chill pill in some coffee; we stayed a while longer. Ron and I did our 3 years of catching up on the way to and from the People's Republik of Kalifornia. Summary: same stuff, different day; some babies got born and some people died. He had a SINCGARS now. I told him channel 1200 plus the date plus the military time in whole hours. I explained what I meant by that, e.g., on the fifteenth of the month at 11pm, it was channel $1200+15+23 = 1238$.

o

“Hey, Bubba, here’s a silencer for your rifle.”

“Ain’t they illegal?”

“No more than the rifle.”

“How many yu got?”

“nuff.” - 7 words. “Yu want some AP ammo for that rifle of your’n?” – 9 words.

“Ain’t they illegal?”

“I won’t tell if’n yu don’t.” - 10 words. *Johnny Yuma was a rebel; he roamed through the west...* stealing stuff from the government (and Surefire, but not Ronnie Barrett).

“I done took 2 cases of rifles.”

“I done took 30 silencers. Yu can have 20 to pass out.” (24 less 2 for Derek, 1 for me and 1 for Ron)

“Yu got xtree?”

“Nope.” – They work on any 7.62 caliber rifle. The only thing that varies is the FA mount for the rifle.

“Dang it”

“Yep.” – It’s a very easy language to learn. Buying a Confederate Battle Flag is smarter than learning the language, but learning the language heps. If you buy one, show it respect; it’s an honorable flag.

o

Despite our concerns over people coming to Flippin, we didn't have any serious problems. We buried the few that we had. Y'all come back, hear? Oh, you're staying? That's ok; it's a big field. They didn't have a chance; we got to the Arsenal first, twice. Somebody had picked over Barstow pretty good. We wanted what they didn't. I can only assume that they missed the M107s. We hadn't been greedy on the rifles; we only took 4 of each. I miss living in Kalifornia. Not! Sharon just loved living on the San Andreas Fault in 120° weather because it was dry heat. It gave her something else to bitch about. I love my wife; however... Moving to Flippin with its humidity should have made her ecstatic. No Virginia, I didn't tell the Chinese to nuke the US; that's just a rumor started by my wife. I didn't cause the tsunami that never happened off Cascadia either.

Do they give the condemned man factory-made cigarettes to go with his last meal? Just curious, I smoke Kool's Super Longs 100's. Wait a minute, please; I'm on a coughing jag. If'n the doctor says I'm going to live forever, I'll kill him. My lab test said I was a quart low. That's why the doctor is looking for the sun. I have a brand spanking new coal shovel. I shot my M14 rifle at that last bunch that came into town insisting we hep them out. I missed; it must have been over 100-feet. I'm real good at doing the day watch thing. Sharon heps. Her nose is about 3' long. That heps, too.

The latest concern is that the earthquakes in Chile, Alaska and Cascadia during the last week are significant. I already knew that. They impressed the hell out of people in Chile, Alaska and Crescent City. Tuesday's quake interested seismologists studying so-called trigger earthquakes because it came after several significant quakes struck in recent days. On Sunday, a 5.2 magnitude quake hit 20 miles south of Palm Springs in Anza. On Monday night, a 7.8 magnitude quake hit Chile, killing at least 11 people. On Tuesday morning, a magnitude 6.8 quake struck the Aleutian Islands, both preceded and followed by smaller quakes.

Why do they call it the Ring of Fire? Probably because they don't called it the Ring of Earth, Water and Air. Those were the four original elements before they invented scientists. Aristotle had 5; he added the aeather, which was anything that wasn't one of the other 4. They taught you that in school, right? What do they teach in school these days? It sure isn't reading, writing and arithmetic. They teach English as a second language to people who won't use it anyway. ¿Si?

A bomb detonates from inside a Buick station wagon Saturday alongside a runway at the Charles City airport. The detonation was part of a simulation that placed area law enforcement agencies, as well as fire and rescue personnel, in position to deal with a real terrorism attack. While the activity was staged, officers treated it like an actual event, simulating step-by-step the actions that would have taken place in the event of the real thing, from hostage negotiation to the proper handling of a deadly small pox virus.

"It just started raining phone calls," said Huntington Beach Police Watch Cmdr. Sgt. Craig Bryant. "They wanted to know what to do, where to go, what to do with the dog.... It was very hectic." – I hope no one got wet; will a towel absorb a phone call?

LONDON – In March 2002, the Bush administration had just begun to publicly raise the possibility of confronting Iraq. But behind the scenes, officials already were deeply engaged in seeking ways to justify an invasion, newly revealed British memos indicate. – Sorry, I couldn't hep myself.

WASHINGTON – Erasing a lingering financial burden, former President Clinton and Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton (D-NY) in 2004 paid the last legal debts that arose from investigations of them during their White House years, a financial statement released Tuesday showed. – Keep saving.

A day after the biggest legal defeat of his career, Santa Barbara County District Attorney Tom Sneddon was still smarting. After hearing jurors speak on morning talk shows, Sneddon said in a lengthy interview that he was disappointed at the way evidence was considered. He said jurors set such a high bar that his case was doomed from the start. – His eyes were bigger than his stomach.

o

Why do you suppose Michael Jackson looked almost as unhappy leaving the Santa Maria courthouse with 10 acquittals in his pocket as he did when he walked in maybe 45 minutes earlier with 10 criminal charges over his head?

He's a smart businessman; even in his relief, I expect he was scanning his options: What to do after an acquittal that arguably leaves him with fewer good choices than other people have after a conviction?

The Arbuckle option: Slapstick master Roscoe Arbuckle – “Fatty” to silent-film fans – was tried three times and finally acquitted on charges of killing a “starlet” (the word had quote marks around it even then) during a weekend bender. Nonetheless, he was damaged goods. Even his run-of-the-mill eccentricities – like an extra-big Pierce-Arrow to make him look daintier – were marshaled as evidence of suspect character. He wound up directing two-reelers under the pseudonym Will B. Goodrich – Will B. Good, get it? – and later just William Goodrich.

And what of post-acquittal career prospects for Jackson, whose eccentricities tip over into the diagnostic? The now-what speculation is that the Jackson Five could reunite for a “family values” overseas tour. Or Jackson could play Vegas, if Vegas will have him.

Whatever his oddities, Jackson is immensely talented, and the ultimate Arbuckle incarnation would be offstage, off-mike – as a music producer.

The Colson option: Charles Colson was a Nixon White House lawyer who went to prison for his part in the Watergate crimes. There, he found Jesus and began a Christian counseling program. Jackson, unconfined, might practice his Jehovah's Witness faith

more publicly, as a gesture of sincerity. Answer your doorbell – it might be Jackson with a copy of “The Watchtower.”

The Martha Stewart option: Single glove or double oven mitts, both Stewart and Jackson have proclaimed their innocence. But Stewart’s was a victimless crime, and prison gave her a martyr’s garnish. Jackson stood accused of distasteful acts with boys; a couple of the jurors even believed he’d probably molested “somebody somewhere....”

Stewart acknowledged that she came across as haughty and was not “the nicest person on Earth.” If Jackson’s stock is not to plunge further, he had better drop the “who, me?” hubris and listen to Jesse Jackson and Project Islamic Hope’s Najee Ali, who have said Jackson needs to wise up and get those boys out of his bedroom. As a Chicago Sun-Times headline read, “Congratulations, Michael, Now Please, Get Help.”

The King Edward/Wallis Simpson option: Jackson could just beat it. Did you see all those French flags his fans were waving outside the courthouse? The land that welcomed an ex-king of England would surely welcome the exiled King of Pop. He could shed Neverland, saying it now has too many unhappy memories (not to mention unhappy cash flow) and hike himself off to Old Europe, where he is still popular in a way he has ceased to be here.

The O.J. option: Not that we’re going to hear about Jackson pledging to find the real molester. Simpson’s acquittal put him back in the black – into the embracing fold of African Americans. Jackson, whose mirror has been telling him that he is the fairest one of all, has for a long time been a stand-up guy at black entertainment events and has written checks to African causes. Jesse Jackson remarked that neither he nor the singer believed that the prosecution’s motives were racial. Yet, grandiosely, Jackson’s website ranks his acquittal date among such historic events as “Martin Luther King is born” and “Nelson Mandela is freed.”

The Donna Rice/Monica Lewinsky option: The woman in Gary Hart’s lap and the woman who fiddled with Bill Clinton’s lap both managed to cash in on infamy. Rice endorsed “No Excuses” jeans, and Lewinsky became a poster girl for Jenny Craig. Don’t go naked waiting for a Jackson clothing line (prep schools already have a lock on that blazer-and-badge thing), nor for a Jackson “Jesus Juice” bottled beverage. But there is that African animal theme park notion. He’s already got the livestock.

The Richard M. Nixon option: Get in front of the media and blame your win (loss) all on them. Tell them they won’t have Michael Jackson to kick around anymore; and then, run for President in 2008. Bring your dog, Checkers along, they like that.

The John W. Dean III option: Write dozens of books trying to guess who really was in bed with you and be wrong every time. All of Jackson’s children, or so I’ve been told, were conceived by in-vitro fertilization.

The last-stop option: If ever you hear a voice saying “Michael Jackson to block,” you’ll know that Jackson’s star is truly in eclipse, for he will have moved from Neverland to Never, Ever Again Land: “The Hollywood Squares.” – Adapted from an LA Times © article.

◦

That’s all folks. I really do quit this time. I haven’t run out of things to say but it’s all just male bovine feces. I didn’t take any offense, not that anyone cares, and I thought it was an astute observation. Life is nothing but male bovine feces and then you die, hopefully.

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